

JOHN BULL



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MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9.7) or write for details of training: 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, London; or 238, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 95,000 successful pupils.

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ARE you tired of poorly-paid routine work? If so, why not be a salesman? We are regularly introducing our trained students to SALARIED posts as outdoor SALESMEN. You can qualify for this well-paid, progressive work by spare-time home study, after which we will introduce you to SALARIED posts. Write for FREE copy of 28-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," to the WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, LTD., 267, BEDFORD ROW, LONDON, W.C.1. (Chancery 7523.)



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FOR BARGAINS for everyone send for H. Samuel's Big Sale Book. It's free for a p.c. An example of tip-top value is shown in the advt. top of p. 2.

WALLPAPERS (All British). — Free Book 1935 newest designs by return post. — Eclipse Wallpapers, Shields Road, Newcastle/Tyne.

FREE. — Copy of "AWHEEL," the B.S.A. Cycling Annual. Fill in the coupon in advt. on p. 46.

WALLPAPERS. — THE BLAKEY MORRIS FAMOUS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE. — Dept. J.B.88, London Rd., SOUTHWARK, S.E.1.

FREE FILMS for your camera. This genuine offer is made by the Gratiapool Co. in their advertisement on page 2. Mention John Bull when replying.

Order Your Summer Wear by Post from BARRY'S. LATEST WEST-END CUT

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WRITE OR CALL for London's Latest Fashion Booklet and FREE PATTERNS (stating whether Ladies' or Gent's) of Worsted, Serges, Saxony Tweeds, Sports Tweeds, Flannels, etc.

Every inch of material is of ENTIRELY BRITISH MANUFACTURE—the product of the finest mills in the country.

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Unquestionably the finest collection of All British materials ever assembled and offered at such astounding low prices.

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CHEAP PRINTING! — Dup. Books from 1/- each; Billheads from 2/6 1,000; Cards, Memos, Samps. free. Pearson's, 164, New Rd., Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 21d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 32, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CHINA. 120 articles. Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrns., Mugs, etc., 10/- 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 Cups & Scrns., 4/- Glass & Hardware Col. Catlg. & Guide worth 2s. FREE. Bridge St. Pottery, Dept. 2, Burslem.

WALLPAPERS FROM 24 ROLL. NEW BARGAIN BOOK. POST FREE. (J.B.) BRUCE & HALL, SOUTH SHIELDS.

RHINO-SOLE simplifies Boot Repairing; saves time and money. Read all about it on p. 2.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 21d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

1d. POSTCARD SAVES YOU POUNDS. WALLPAPERS from 21d. Book Free. — PAPER TONES, LTD., 1, Morials Bldgs., Merthyr Tydfil.

SOMETHING NEW IN HOUSE SLIPPERS. An offer of unusual interest appears in this week's "Shop Window" on page 2. Look for the "Warmite" Slipper advertised and mention John Bull when ordering.

SPORTS SHIRTS FREE! To introduce to "J.B." readers our specially tempered Ever-sharp Sheffield Razor Blades, everyone sending 2s. for two dozen, plus 6d. postage, will receive absolutely Free a Genuine Interlock Sports Shirt. State shade and send now! — Bell Bros., 30, City Road, London, E.C.1.

FREE copy of "The Book of the Raleigh" explains all about this fine all-steel bicycle which can be obtained on easy payments as low as 10/- a month. Write, mentioning John Bull, to the Raleigh Cycle Co., Ltd., Nottingham, for your free copy, and address of nearest dealer. See p. 1A.

EVERY EXPECTANT MOTHER should send 2/- for my Baby-clothes parcel on appro. The complete 75-garment Home-made Layette for 30/- (Cash payment or Terms.) Carrying Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, L'cloth or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper, Vests, Flannels, Woolies, Pette Napkins, etc. A superior nursing home quality 42/- Also tucking sets 18/6 and 23/-. — MRS. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

A 1/- deposit secures the graceful frock offered in the Ambrose Wilson advt. on p. 39. Use the coupon when ordering.

WRITE, mentioning John Bull, for a free copy of the new 1935 HERCULES Catalogue to Birmingham. See p. 31.

DON'T overlook Barry's Tailoring offer in the large advt. on this page. — Write, mentioning John Bull, for Fashion Booklet & free Patterns.

BOLENIUM Overalls of every kind are "worn by the man who knows." Right down to the free comfort and efficiency under the most strenuous conditions. Don't overlook the announcement on page 16.

BILLIARD Tables at bargain prices are offered by Messrs. Jekis in their advt. on p. 27.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 42/- 7/- Monthly. Banjos, Guitars, Drums, Trumpets, all designs, series, etc., 1935 46-p. cat. free. — Terms, RAYMOND, J.B. 8, Laurence Pountney Hill E.C.2.

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MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. — Genuine Remedy, proven by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliances. New design. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Bands and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free. — Address, Brooks' Appliances, Ltd. (4828), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE Sample of Cephos, the Physician's Remedy for Colds, Flu, Headache, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica. Safe and effective. In Powders and Tablets. — Send p.c. to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

WEAK NERVES. — If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Head Pains, Shyness, etc., send for my free book — Mr. Rivers (J.B.15), 40, Lamb's Conduit St. W.C.1.

COMFORT for the Ruptured! For low price appliances get in touch with the London Surgical Co. Address and other details in advertisement on page 3.

A FREE booklet is offered by the makers of SILVIRIN, the natural hair food that goes to the root of hair trouble. — Write, mentioning John Bull, to the Silvirin Laboratories, 10, Sydney Road, London, N.10, for your copy. Thousands of people owe to Silvirin the abundance, health and beauty of their hair. — Full details appear in the free booklet. See p. 41.

BANISH Catarrh, Hay Fever and kindred troubles, either slight or severe, by a powerful new Distillate. By filling in the coupon in Mr. John Houben's advt. on p. 29 readers can obtain a free sample of this wonderful new discovery and particulars of a special guarantee offer.

FREE: A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe pleasant chewing laxative, which banishes Constipation, is offered to every reader who sends 11d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. G.24), 15, Thames House, Millbank, S.W.1. See p. 32.

MEN! — Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a Spencer Supporting Belt. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for free Booklet and further particulars. See advt. on p. 34.

FREE. — Send a p.c. for a liberal free trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Loton. There is nothing to equal this for a natural spotless complexion. It cleanses the skin and cures all skin troubles. — Write, mentioning John Bull, to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.16, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. See page 37.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. — BENTLEY & CO., 65, New Bond St., Ldn. W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA. — 18 pc. Teacets 1/11. Crotes of Cup, Scrns., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/- Amazon gifu and list FREE. — Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month. No references required, even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. M24 for Ladies' Summer Catlg., also Gentlemen's Catlg. — SMARTWEAR, LTD., 263-271, Regent St., Ldn. W.

HAVE you read the open letter to parents by Mr. Bennett, of the Bennett College, Sheffield, on page 14? Do so now! A free copy of a famous book, "The Human Machine," can be obtained on application to the Bennett College.

WRITE to Dept. 67/65, Euthymol, 50, Bank Street, London, W.1 for a week's supply of Euthymol Tooth Paste as offered in the advt. on p. 31. Euthymol keeps teeth clean and kills decay germs.

FULL particulars of a fascinating Amateur Photographic Competition, together with a copy of interesting handbook containing application snapshots, will be sent FREE on application to F. H. Clague, Publicity Dept., 10, of Mark, or 119, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., London. See the announcement on p. 30.

A FREE testing sample of Kotalko for the Hair and Kotalko Soap will be sent in return for the coupon on p. 5.

WRITE to-day for the new 100-page all-photo Ham Holiday Book of Morecambe and Morecambe, post free from the Advertising Manager, Room 58, Town Hall, Morecambe. See advt. on p. 40.

AN illustrated list of Gifts and a Free Coupon is offered by the makers of Foster Clark's Cream Custard. Turn to page 26.

MAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! If you are a victim of child-endangering habit, send for the free explanatory booklet mentioned in the advt. of Filix, Ltd., on page 3.

MORE FREE GIFTS for readers. Turn to John Bull's "Shop Window" and read the interesting bargain offers—all of them if you have time, but don't miss the Free Gifts.

HOW ELDERLY FOLK GET NEW HEALTH.

Age is a cumulative process. The older a man or woman gets the weaker do the digestive organs become. The things one can eat without trouble get fewer and fewer, and as the diet gets monotonous the appetite goes. That's one reason why old people seem to age so quickly.

And it's one reason, too, why so many doctors urge elderly people to take Wincarnis. Wincarnis is particularly useful to the old because, apart from the fact that it is a wonderful tonic and strength-builder, it is delicious to take and it stimulates the digestive glands. This enables elderly people to eat many dishes they could not otherwise manage, and with increasing appetite comes increasing benefit.

Besides, Wincarnis itself is almost a food. The wine in each bottle contains the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, and to it are added the strengthening properties and the vitamins of malt and meat extracts. Try Wincarnis to-day. We have over 20,000 recommendations from medical men.

PILES

NEGLECTED, MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS OPERATION

Many people suffer in silence untold agonies, constant brain-wearying irritation and pain caused by piles, simply because they have never discussed this trouble with even such a confidant as their chemist. If you are a sufferer, make up your mind to ask your chemist about the wonderful preparation Man Zan. This clean, simple-to-use remedy is just marvellous in the quick way it stops the maddening irritation, allays inflammation and, persevered with, banishes the most serious form of this agonising trouble.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. It is prepared in a special nozzle applicator tube, making it simple and clean to use. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/-.

Man Zan

BRAND

PILE REMEDY

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful! Don't use drastic irritating drugs. If Kidney and Bladder troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Siss-tex). Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- at Boots and all Chemists.

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

NEURITIS & INDIGESTION

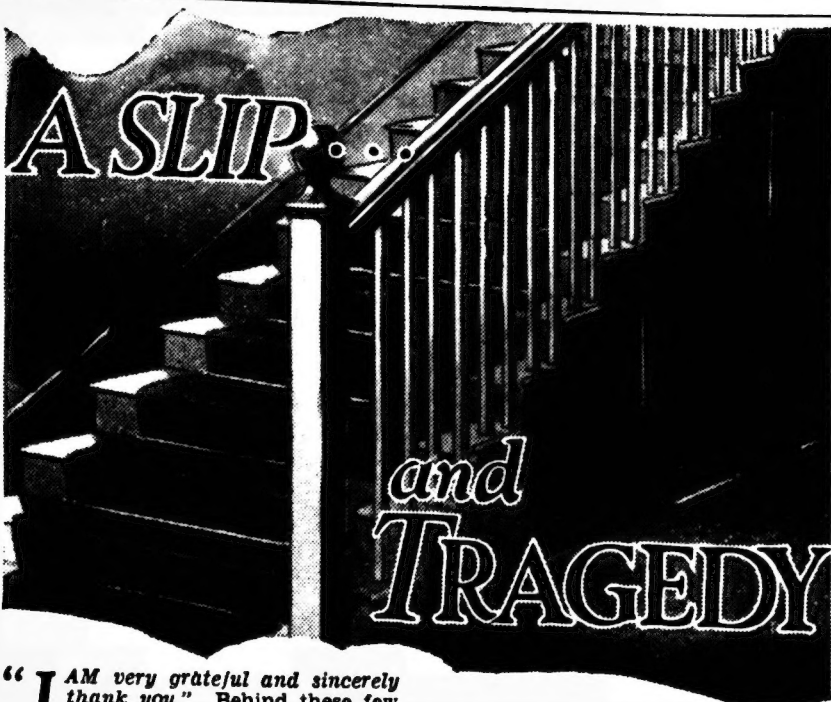
Mrs. Lucy S. Belvoir St., Mapperley, Nottingham writes: "If people knew the value of Vitadatio, there need not be half the suffering we hear of every day. I have been very ill with a Nervous Breakdown, Neuritis of the Nerves of the Stomach and Indigestion, and am pleased to say that after persevering with Vitadatio, I am a different person. I strongly advise any sufferer to give this strengthening medicine a trial."



Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

World Renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood Purifier. Available for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Intestinal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy's and most Chemists and Stores. 8/- and 5/- per bottle, or for post & extra in Great Britain only. Special 2/- bottles, for export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.



"I AM very grateful and sincerely thank you." Behind these few simple words, written by the bereaved wife of a registered reader of JOHN BULL, when she acknowledged JOHN BULL's cheque, is the story of a home tragedy... the kind of tragedy that may happen in any home at any time and occurs with startling suddenness.

The JOHN BULL reader was Mr. Johannes Kolster, of 8, South Eldon Street, South Shields. He was descending the well-lighted staircase of his home when he turned. That turn, simple enough in itself, proved fatal... in a flash he had lost his balance and crashed down the stairs. A doctor was hurriedly summoned, but despite desperate efforts to save Mr. Kolster's life, he died as the result of a fracture of the base of the skull.

Home tragedies such as these are unfortunately only too common. Do you realise that over 7,800 FATAL accidents occur yearly in the home? That is even more than the toll of the roads. Think of the tragedy of it!

A happy home one moment and then the cloud of disaster that changes it to a scene of heart-breaking despair and hardship.

This is where JOHN BULL steps in, giving its sympathy and practical assistance at a time when the strong arm of a protecting friend is most needed. Under its great Free Family Insurance Gift, JOHN BULL is ready to come to the assistance of registered readers in their times of misfortune. Here is just a little of what JOHN BULL does and can do for you and yours: In addition to providing benefits for accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Boating and Bathing, Children's Accidents, Loss by Burglary, etc., JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, the only paper to pay Sickness Benefit and the only paper to add a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

Think what it would mean to you to know that you could always turn to JOHN BULL in time of trouble for the practical help of JOHN BULL's Free Family Insurance Gift. Simply fill up the Forms below at once.

"John Bull"—The ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 18/5 35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

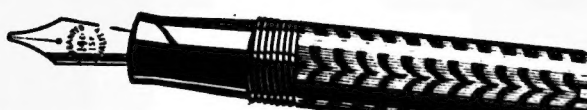
Address.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 18/5 35

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER



CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2

VALUE

3d

He Fell in Love with his Wife



After ten years of married life, Arthur Davidson suddenly fell deeply in love with his own wife. When he married her, Mrs. Davidson had been a saucy, captivating blonde with the clearest, freshest complexion he had ever seen. Years of housework and bringing up children faded her beauty. Her skin became aged and wrinkled. She knew that she was losing her husband and in desperation confided her troubles to her mother who advised her to try Tokalon Biocel Skinfood for one month. She did this and was delighted to see every morning her skin becoming clearer, fresher and more girlish. In six weeks all her wrinkles had completely gone and she looked as young and as desirable as when first married. This is typical of the experiences of thousands of women. Tokalon Biocel Skinfood contains genuine biocel, the natural substance in every skin which keeps it young. When the skin loses its natural biocel wrinkles form; when biocel is restored wrinkles disappear. This was discovered by Dr. Karl Stejskal of the University of Vienna who succeeded in extracting this precious substance from the skins of young animals. By using Tokalon Biocel Skinfood every night any woman can quickly and easily get rid of wrinkles, rejuvenate an aged and faded skin and look 10 to 20 years younger. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

Stop Hair Falling

Grow it Like This



Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever. "My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Bell. "I had used different lotions, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff. Also my hair, which was graying green, resumed its natural colour."

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

quickly stops hair falling—regrows it thickly and strongly. Gets rid of scurf and quickens slow growth. Feed Hair Roots daily with Kotalko. Cleanse and soften Hair Follicles once weekly with Kotalko Scalp Soap, the Tonic Shampoo.

TEST-BOX COUPON
To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD., 9, Percy Street (53.B.V.) London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Hereunder is depicted a well-known Major-General being astounded almost to bursting-point by an unknown Private, the latter having blushing declined a well-merited G.C.M. (Good Cookery Medal), and requested a Kensitas in lieu—thereby, if we may say so, displaying both modesty and good judgment.

Medals, after all, are of small practical value, being inedible, undrinkable and not heavy enough to press trousers. True, they can be used to impress the neighbours; but so can a Kensitas—which is well worth having at any time, and particularly when one has the jitters as a result of prolonged exposure to Brass Hats.

K. Q. G. Browne



Kensitas

They Taste Better



Kensitas are made only from the clean centre leaves of the finest Virginia tobaccos. These centre leaves alone can give Kensitas their smooth, mild, satisfying flavour. Try Kensitas and experience their better taste. Then you, too, will say "No thanks, I'd rather have a Kensitas."

They're Mild... They Satisfy... They Taste Better

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THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, May 18, 1935. Twopenny. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

93, LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

"John Bull," 18/5/35.

HIDEOUS Holiday CAMPS

THE Minister of Health has an urgent and immediate duty to perform. It is one of the greatest national importance, and should be tackled with a firm hand.

We refer to the problem of so-called "Holiday Camps" which have sprung up in different parts of the country like mushrooms, particularly at seaside resorts or in villages and hamlets within easy reach of the coast. Some of them are excellent institutions, being constructed and equipped on healthy and proper lines, and administered with appropriate discipline and decorum. But many, we regret to say, are just haunts of degradation, and constitute a growing menace to the well-being of hosts of young people.

The Minister of Health has had his attention called to the scandal repeatedly, but so far, except for an occasional conference with welfare officials and other Government servants, nothing tangible has been done to take the situation in hand.

Scotland Yard, and police departments in numerous provincial towns, have also received scores of complaints during the past year or two in which accusations of the gravest possible character have been made against the apathetic officials of some of these "camps" and of the bad-mannered, rowdy and undesirable individuals who frequent them.

TOWN Councils and Watch Committees in numerous centres are this year renewing demands they have made to the Minister of Health for legislation to place all holiday camps, good or bad, on a proper footing.

Without Fear or Favour

They argue that camps which are suitably run would welcome legislation that would have for its chief aim the suppression of all undesirable establishments. Obviously, such legislation is required—and should be framed and passed at the earliest moment.

Already the advertisement columns of most daily newspapers, provincial and otherwise, contain announcements for the coming holiday season concerning camps in all parts of the country. Many of them will shortly be in full swing, herding crowds of irresponsible and excitable youths and girls, repeating the same sort of scandalous, undisciplined behaviour of previous years, making the peace of the countryside hideous, and participating in what can only be described as carnivals of rowdiness.

Last summer a young provincial typist answered, with a girl friend, an advertisement in which a "Holiday Camp" invited people of both sexes to spend a carefree holiday by the sea.

In reply she received a booklet extolling the camp's attractions, and, as on the face of it the proposition looked inviting enough, she and her friend booked up for a fortnight.

They arrived at the camp, after a long journey, at night-fall, and within a very short space of time were astonished and dismayed at what they saw and heard. They were absolutely afraid to sleep there, even one night, so disgusting and deplorable were the conditions.

There were about three hundred people in the camp of mixed ages and types, and most of them were in the neighbourhood of seventeen to twenty-four. The "club-house," in which the two new guests were received, consisted of a badly furnished but spacious wooden room in which some seventy tables and numerous forms were laid out.



At the far end of the room was a fully stocked bar, from which liquor of all kinds was being dispensed to noisy customers. A large proportion of the sparsely clad guests were drunk, and singing of a boisterous nature was being freely indulged in. Some of the songs were extremely indecent in type.

The newly arrived girls were taken to their sleeping quarters. Each was given a cubicle in which a camp bed and a few other articles were deposited, and the first thing they noticed was that no provision had been made to separate the men from the women.

About two hours after their arrival the visitors felt so frightened and indignant that they felt inclined to leave forthwith, but being so far from home, a good distance from the nearest town and completely strange to this district, decided to remain until the next morning.

Then they told the proprietor in plain words what they thought of the place and, with admirable courage, went to the police, to whom they made a signed statement.

In this they told of the various "petting parties" they had witnessed, described how bottles of beer and spirits were taken, after the singing and shouting had died down in the early hours, to the cubicles, how ukuleles, concertinas, accordions and mouth-organs were played far into the night, and of the coarse and unspeakable jests they had been compelled to hear.

Then, with an unforgettable experience in their minds, they returned home, finished with "holiday camps" for ever!

Behaviour of this detestable kind is only too common in many of these badly supervised camps. We know that the Minister of Health has received a large number of official protests from medical officers of health and sanitary inspectors in various parts of the land.

Dr. E. H. Milligan, the Medical Officer for

Health in Glossop, for example, quite recently—in conjunction with Mr. Evan-Williams, the local Sanitary Inspector—sent a corroborated complaint about a camp, and also to the chief of the Glossop police.

Dr. Milligan, in his report, actually went so far as to say that the ill-mannered and undisciplined guests at the "holiday camp" in question appeared to "adopt a code of the jungle," and indulged in nothing more or less than a "free sexual licence."

He condemned, in the strongest terms, the non-separated huts used by opposite sexes, and asserted that he and others had been compelled to act as "foster parents" to girls who arrived at the camp in ignorance of the disgraceful conditions which existed.

The scandal is one of shocking proportions. Councillors of Marple, Cheshire, are also among the numerous officials who have urged the Minister of Health to intervene in what is becoming a very grave menace indeed. These councillors have reported on "disgraceful scenes" which have regularly happened at a certain "holiday camp," and have protested that "immorality, aggravated by drunkenness, is practised by girls and boys who sleep together there. . . ."

AT one famous resort, which is by no means a prudish one, officials have lodged complaints for at least three years about holiday campers who go about the town in gangs, inadequately attired, singing lewd vocal choruses.

What is required is a complete, organised control of all holiday camps, big and small. Appropriate powers, through the medium of effective legislation, must be given without undue delay to all local authorities, enabling them to visit and supervise such establishments.

And before any camp is permitted to advertise for guests it should be licensed by the local authorities of the district in which it is situated, and its administrators compelled to conform with specially framed by-laws, the enforcement of which must be strictly carried out.

Then, and not till then, will the intolerable "do as you like" atmosphere in which so many of these haunts are run to-day disappear.

"Many are haunts of degradation and are a growing menace to the well-being of hosts of young people"

What is a Year of a Man's Life Worth?

Helping the Litter Fiends

Sharepushers' New Dodge



You'll have to put a lot on the scale, Sir John, to compensate a man for a year of his life!

HOW much is a year of a man's life worth, particularly when that year is spent in prison under the stigma of a crime he did not commit?

We refer, of course, to the case of John Binney, the young Sheffield man whose conviction has been quashed in the most sensational circumstances by the Court of Criminal Appeal.

Compensation

It will be remembered that Binney was sentenced last July to seven years' penal servitude on a charge of uttering letters demanding £200 on pain of death to a certain woman.

He had served ten months of this sentence, apart from nearly two months he had spent in jail on remand, when his innocence was proved and he was set free.

Now the question of his compensation is being discussed.

Blaming the jury

We know that he has no legal claim to an award. According to law, the Crown can do no wrong, and the terrible miscarriage of justice that has been perpetrated was the fault of the jury!

In such cases, however, compensation is usually made. Oscar Slater, released after eighteen years' wrongful imprisonment on a murder charge, received £6,000. Adolf Beck was paid £5,000 after serving five and a half years in jail.

What then, should Binney receive? His solicitor fears he may get less than £50!

Is it enough?

This is equivalent to the unemployment pay he would have drawn during the time he has been in prison and on remand, and thus makes no allowance for the long ordeal he has suffered, nor for the stigma of another's crime which was thrust upon him.

We have no hesitation in declaring that such an award would be grossly inadequate. How many of us would be willing to sacrifice a year of our life for a paltry £50, let alone sacrifice it in the way John Binney has done?

Room for thought

We urge Sir John Gilmour and his legal advisers at the Home Office to put this question to themselves before they decide upon the amount to be awarded to Binney.

We must point out to them that, even on the basis of the Slater award (which was hotly attacked for being insufficient) the released man should receive some £300.

Meanwhile, our readers may find room for thought in our query: How much is a year of a man's life worth?

Atrocious pay

Though Sir Kingsley Wood has done much to improve conditions in the

cleaning materials. Yes, Sir Kingsley certainly ought to wipe out this black mark without delay!

Justice at last

Fortunately, one black mark on Whitehall's books is to be erased following JOHN BULL's long agitation. Small shopkeepers who see their businesses ruined, owing to the houses in which their customers live being demolished under slum clearance schemes, are at last to receive justice.

The Minister of Health has now decided that these traders must be compensated by the local corporation and is amending his Housing Bill accordingly.

Grave charges

We certainly think there is need for his inspectors to investigate the conditions alleged to exist on the Florence Park Estate, Oxford.

The tenants are complaining that water is trickling down the walls of their houses, that furniture, wireless sets and clothes have been ruined by damp, and that food must be kept upstairs because the larders are mildewed.

They add that it is quite impossible to sleep in some of the rooms!

Twelve hundred tenants are now calling on the town council to force the landlords to make the houses habitable.

Nine to a room

Nor can we ignore the appalling disgrace revealed at Middlesbrough, where in a dwelling actually owned by the local education committee a tubercular child has to share the same bed as eight other youngsters, and where food has to be locked in cupboards out of the reach of rats.

The only obstacle to the provision of accommodation elsewhere for this family is a dispute between the education and the housing committees as to which should shoulder the responsibility!

We think Middlesbrough folk should remember this at the next Borough Election.

Jubilee stinginess

The Jubilee rejoicings are nearly over, but some of the memories they will leave behind will be less happy than might be expected.

At aristocratic Harrogate there is still bitter disappointment at the council's neglect to provide any entertainment for the 4,000 schoolchildren beyond the planting of a few commemoration trees by some senior scholars.

We hope those trees will flourish, if only to serve as a reminder to future generations of the civic stinginess of their forbears.

Contemptible!

Unfortunately, such meanness is not confined to local councils. Some economic maniac in Whitehall sternly refused to sanction a small Jubilee grant to

diff's unemployed, but we rejoice that the City Council defied this edict and duly made the grant.

Cardiff's action has also served to reveal the Government as the biggest of the Jubilee misers.

The litter problem

And we need hardly say that we share the authorities' disappointment at the vast amount of litter left behind by Jubilee revellers.

But we must point out that a share of the blame should be borne by the authorities themselves. In very few parks—and even at so favourite a rendezvous as Hampstead Heath—is there an adequate number of refuse boxes.

We might add that the few which are provided are ugly in appearance. Is there any reason why they should not be made more decorative?

Cunning M.P.s

By the way, we hear from various parts of the country of M.P.s rushing to their constituencies in the hope of an immediate General Election.

They want to take advantage of the Jubilee enthusiasm, it seems.

We should like to see them well beaten at the polls—just to teach them that the King must not be regarded as the upholder of any particular Party.

Scarlet lips

But though we can't blame the Rev. Joseph Sunn, of New Southgate, for refusing to give communion to women with painted lips, we are rather amused by the reason he gives.

"It is questionable," he declares, "if it is not breaking the rules of the fast, as it is impossible to smear so much cosmetic on the lips without swallowing some of it."

We agree that a communion chalice stained with lipstick is highly objectionable, but we wish the Rev. Joseph would cultivate a sense of humour.

An unknown friend

A man and boy seriously injured in a motoring accident near Blyth, Northumberland, owe their lives to a Good Samaritan of the roads.

As they lay in desperate need of medical aid, a woman arrived and with deft and skilful hands bound up their wounds. Then, as an ambulance came to hurry them to hospital, she as quietly disappeared without revealing her identity.

If, as seems likely, she was a member

The Fragrant Minute.

REPROOF!

SAID he with scorn, "Do tidy up your mind. It's so untidy—women's always are!" I took a peep to see what I would find—a memory entangled in a star! Another thread attached to tiny shoes, yellowed with age and scuffed by baby feet. Why should I tidy these? I do not choose to alter memories entirely sweet.

"A most untidy drawer—your mind," said he. And much abashed, I took another look. Baby's first word and his first Christmas tree. Oh! glowing pages of life's precious book! And while he stung for me his wordy pearls (no doubt about it, he was very wise) I saw a head with shining copper curls, a crimson mouth, huge velvet pools for eyes

"Oh! woman! Tidy up your mind," he cried. "I like it as it is," I said with pride.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor.



of the nursing profession, that nobles of all sisterhoods should be proud to number her among its ranks.

Legal Shylocks

We should like to see strong action taken against the parasites of the legal profession who act as moneylenders' agents.

These touts frequent the police courts in the poorer quarters of the large towns and prey on persons unable to pay fines for petty offences. The latter are introduced by the shady solicitors to moneylenders who charge exorbitant interest.

Injured victims

Another type of victim is the man injured at work and claiming compensation. The solicitor declares his ability to secure a heavy award from the court and offers the disabled man a lump sum in advance.

The victim is persuaded to sign a document—"purely as a matter of form"—that commits him to pay the money lender a sum far in excess of what he eventually receives.

Anyone approached by such touts should immediately report the facts to a reputable solicitor.

Their new dodge

Many of the more impudent "outside brokers," whom we prefer to describe as sharepushers, are now employing a new and subtle trick in their fleeing operations.

Their contract notes state that deals are subject to the "rules, regulations and customs of the Stock Exchange."

This, of course, is inserted in order to let it be supposed that they are members of the Stock Exchange and therefore entirely reputable.

The rules of the Stock Exchange are really a code of honour of a very high degree, and there are disciplinary powers which can be exercised by the Committee. Outside brokers are subject to no such code.

Baiting the traps

The publication of apparently disinterested monthly financial journals, very similar in title and appearance to reputable publications, is another bit of ground-bait with which the "swims" are sprinkled.

These publications contain "tips" to the certain appreciation in the near future of the worthless shares which they peddle to the unsuspecting public, and thus the merry game goes on.

It is indeed true that a "sucker" is born every minute—if not more!

Schools for bad boys

We recently criticised certain schools for young offenders which are supervised by aged people and provide less than an eighth of a pint of milk a day for each child.

It is good to have the assurance of Mr. Norris (Chief Inspector of the Children's Branch, Home Office) that officially approved schools supply a daily half-pint of milk for each inmate, and sometimes more.

And we think the Home Office is wise in stipulating that no member of the staff of an approved school may be retained beyond the age of sixty-five except in very special cases.

Officious

The latest example of crazy autocracy is provided by the Croydon Electricity Department, which cut off the current from a house because a bill of 8s. 4d. was outstanding. Yet the woman householder had receipts showing that the account was fully paid up, the debt having been incurred by a previous tenant.

Nor does the story end there. Following on to the light being switched off the lady missed her footing and fell down stairs.

We can imagine what she is feeling about the electricity officials.

500,000 FORGOTTEN Children

THE other day, a boy of twelve, the child of respectable parents living in one of the very newest of the London suburbs, appeared before the magistrates to answer for a series of offences ranging from theft to damage and "breaking in."

But more important than the lad's offences, or the treatment accorded him by the law, were the comments made by the court officers who heard the case.

A probationary officer pleaded that there was nothing intrinsically wrong with the boy—that it was merely the old story of the "devil finding work for idle hands to do." The magistrate's remarks got more to the root of the matter.

He was appalled, he said, at the constant procession of children and youths who were coming before the courts from the mushroom townships which are spreading out from every city. In every case, he declared, the explanation was the same—the delinquents had fallen into evil ways simply because of boredom, lack of occupation or even a place to play.

★ ★ ★

In that respect children who had been transplanted to these new villa homes for the sake of the health benefits of freedom, light and air were worse off than in the slums they had left.

The slum child had at least a developed organisation of clubs and the like to help him. The villa child in the new housing suburbs has none. Here was a grave paradox which needed the urgent attention of the authorities.

That magistrate's remarks have been echoed recently by many other Benches throughout the country. They are borne out by an analysis of the rising tide of figures of juvenile crime, by the reports of Chief Constables and social workers, and by those city councils whose interest in local housing development has gone farther than merely counting the number of new roofs per acre.

It has been authoritatively estimated that in London alone there are 150,000 children, or 50 per cent. of the total youthful population, for whom no provision whatsoever is made for occupation and play.

Of the remainder, only about 25 per cent. are catered for by the good work of existing organisations, and the rest do not need such provision, as they leave school at a later age or are looked after by an ampler parental purse.

If we take the country as a whole, there are over 500,000 children who are left entirely to their own devices for recreation and the use of their time outside school and home.

★ ★ ★

The figures for juvenile crime show that rise in delinquency takes place in those children aged from eight to fourteen. Thereafter a steady decline occurs. It is these children who are responsible for the 50 per cent. increase in commitments to "approved schools" noted in the recent Home Office report. Officials are now complaining that there are not enough of these "approved schools" (which are merely a euphemism for reformatories).

It is a pitiable commentary on the way we are handling youth that plans are being rushed through to build more "approved schools" instead of removing the conditions which fill them.

If you go through the news reports of the last few months you will find that it is the juvenile

courts in the "green belt" areas which are always working at full pressure. By contrast the courts in the slum districts of cities have an easy time.

At the Wimbledon Juvenile Court, a few days ago, the probation officer, Mr. W. G. Robinson, referred to the case of Morden in the same terms as that official quoted at the beginning of this article. Morden, crowded with new building development, has one of the highest proportions of child population of any of the new London areas. The officer suggested that the epidemic of youthful crime there was due to the fact that in the whole district there was only one club.

But there are other areas much worse.

In some suburbs there are no clubs at all. In one new London township the children could not even go to school before they were nine, because no school had been built!

In Kingsbury, which is now a sea of houses where farms stood seven years ago, the children have makeshift school accommodation in the rooms of old dwelling-houses.

On the eastern outer ring of London there are new suburbs where children have a mile walk to find even a field to play in. The councils have allowed builders to buy up all the land between.

Parents in the new suburbs are less able to cope with the situation than the slum parents. The children are not so near at hand. Father has many miles to go to work and gets home late at night. Mother is more away from home because she often has miles to go to do her shopping.

★ ★ ★

So, with nowhere to go, nothing to do, and relaxed parental control, the children run wild. Every suburb now has its "gangs" of children organised in petty crime, and magistrates everywhere are at their wits end to deal with it.

At Bath recently a "Black Clan" gang was dealt with by the courts. Most were fourteen years or less, and the leader was only ten. There were about twenty of these children, all from new housing areas. They spent their time robbing swimming baths and houses. A few weeks ago a gang of twelve boys was dealt with at the Deptford Juvenile Courts for shopbreaking in the Downham and Catford districts, another "green belt" area.

At Bristol, Dover, Blackburn, Manchester, Birmingham, other gangs of children were being dealt with at the same time for similar offences. Again, the homes of all of them were in the new building areas.

At Croydon last month five children from a new villa district came before the court. They had formed a "club," and the boy who brought in most property was made leader of the gang for a week! Theft charges involving £27 were proved.

And so it goes on. Every day adds its quota to the tragic growing tide of youthful crime which is being born from these areas of the new England, where youth should have had a better chance.

But besides this toll in active crime there is the colossal waste and frustration of youth which



Eloquent of the manner in which proper playing facilities for children are forgotten is this picture showing a special warning to traffic!

is created by boredom and lack of outlet. That, nobody can count. It is concealed. But its eventual results can mean no good for the country.

Meanwhile, those who should save youth seem to spend their time arguing the pros and cons of birching or pleading the desirability of more "approved schools." One or two large councils, like the L.C.C. and Manchester, have made plans for the recreational needs of the children in the new building areas—but for the most part they remain plans.

★ ★ ★

Voluntary work—the organisation of centres for children—by high-minded individuals and religious and political bodies is almost non-existent in any of the new building areas. Those well-off people who liked "slumming" find it difficult to believe that there is as much or more scope for their efforts five or ten miles from the City than there is in the heart of it.

Yet these are the very districts that are crying out for community centres for the young—containing, as they do, scores of thousands of children who have been abruptly removed from the club life and the other outlets which they once knew.

Furthermore, the great majority of the occupants of the new areas are young parents with very young families. In a year or two these youngsters will be added to increase the present huge total of older children who have been transplanted recently from the slums and other central districts of the big towns.

What is needed is some immediate action by every community in the land. The whole country should know that the problem of these 500,000 forgotten children is one of the most urgent which it has to face.

★ ★ ★

It may be suggested in some quarters that here in this problem is a matter for the King's Jubilee Trust Fund to deal with. But the truth is that this Fund will not be able to cope properly with this particular matter.

In any case, even if the Fund's objects are completely fulfilled, its provisions limit it to young people between the ages of 14 and 18. A large proportion of the half-million forgotten children lie outside the range of its endeavours.

But the publicity attending it and its efforts should spur backward and obstinate local councils at last to do something for their children.

If the chance is missed now, it will not come again.

THE trade depression of the past few years, during which millions of working people have been unemployed, has had one painful result, to which far too little attention has been paid.

In the space of five years the annual total of County Court judgments has increased by 30 per cent.

This has meant that tens of thousands of honest citizens, who never before have been in any sort of legal trouble, have made their first acquaintance with the County Court.

The experience has left them sore with a sense of injustice. They feel that the law has wronged and injured them, instead of helping them in their time of need.

There is an excuse for this belief. For the present County Court system operates harshly and oppressively towards the honest debtor. Its machinery is easily manipulated by rich rogues who can employ clever lawyers to look after their interests, but the small debtor, who does not know the "ropes," is often cruelly ill-used.

No margin

Debt may sometimes be a disgrace, but very often it is a sheer misfortune. While out of a job a man may get a little behind with his rent, run up a small bill at the grocer's, or fall into arrears on the purchase of goods on the instalment plan.

Or it may happen in another way. The debtor may have been in regular employment for years, then suddenly he is discharged through bad times. The moment his income ceases every penny he has saved, and any money he may be entitled to in the shape of unemployment pay, is earmarked for the expenses of the home.

There is no margin to satisfy any small debts which may be outstanding. When they were incurred he had a wage sufficient to cover all his liabilities. Now he is helplessly at the mercy of his creditors.

If they threaten him with County Court proceedings, he has no legal answer to their claim.

One day a bailiff knocks at his door with the County Court summons. Or it may be a High Court

writ, for it is possible to use the process of the High Court even in small debt actions, if a creditor thinks this is the quickest way of getting his money.

Never having seen such a document before, he probably does not quite understand its meaning. It is couched in formal legal terms which are not easily grasped, and some of its most important directions are printed so small that they escape his attention.

Although the summons or writ informs him of the date on which the Court will decide his fate, he very often does not attend, reflecting that he owes the money anyhow, and must face the worst when it comes.

He has not long to wait. In his absence the judge has entered judgment against him "by default," as he is legally bound to do, there being no defence to the action.

The next step is "execution"; that is the seizure and sale by the Court bailiffs of as much of the debtor's property as is sufficient to satisfy the debt and costs.

On the face of it, this may not sound a very terrible business. After all, if a man owes £10 which he cannot pay, where is the hardship in taking £10 worth of his goods to satisfy the debt?

Ruthlessly robbed

At first that is probably what the debtor thinks about it. He has no wish to evade payment, and if parting with some of his household goods will settle the matter, he must manage to do without them, and be glad the trouble is at an end.

Only when the bailiffs get busy does he realise that he is being ruthlessly robbed. Though the debt may be for £10, or less, he sees almost everything in his home carted off to be sold.

The bailiffs cannot legally touch

the bedding or the tools of the man's trade, but apart from these items they frequently skin the place bare to satisfy a £10 debt.

They know quite well what they are doing. These goods are going to be thrown into a miscellaneous auction sale, with bankrupt stock and other goods seized by legal process, and the little ring of dealers who regularly attend these sales are not the people to fling away their money.

The auctioneer knows his regular customers, and does not waste their time by keeping his hammer too long in the air.

At prices ridiculously below their

tion fetched 16s., three serviceable carpets 2s. 6d., a suite of furniture 21s., a bookcase 3s., a complete set of kitchen utensils 3s. 9d., a bedroom suite 25s. 6d., and a job lot comprising the balance of the debtor's goods, a tablecloth, three strips of linoleum, a kitchen table and six odd chairs 15s.

In all £4 6s. 9d., leaving the debtor with his home stripped bare of everything except the bedding and £1 12s. 9d. still to pay.

You may ask why goods are sacrificed in this ruthless fashion when there are plenty of people who would be prepared to pay a decent



A small debt owed by some one who has run temporarily into misfortune, and his home can be seized...



THE HUMAN MACHINE

It's So Mysterious!

MAN is a mystery. No one has ever completely explained him. Probably no one ever will. Many of his powers have been explained and accounted for, but there are always more, behind and beneath, that baffle the keenest observer.

No one knows the limit of a man's ability. No one has ever come within sight of the limit of what a man can do.

Man is a dual creature. Every man is two men. Some psychologists talk of the "conscious" and the "unconscious." Some speak of the "front" and "back" of the brain.

One said the brain had an "upstairs" and a "downstairs." Others name it the "rational" part of us and the "psychic" part.

Names don't matter. The amazing fact is that we each have this dual brain—the brain we use consciously, that sees and hears and thinks at our behest—and the brain that is the seat of the emotions, of the instincts, of the habits, that never sleeps and that is more powerful than anything we have ever dreamed of.

There was once a negro called "Blind Tom." He was an idiot, a mental defective. Yet he was a musical genius. He could play on the piano, after hearing it once, any piece of music that anyone played to him.

He never had any education, much less any musical education. He was just a scientific "mystery."

Could we all do this? We could all do something equally "mysterious" if we only trusted ourselves and learned to use all our powers, both our obvious ones and our hidden reserves.

And to do it we must rid our minds of tradition and fear and prejudice. We must plunge headlong into life with the firm belief that we can do anything we set ourselves to achieve. We must replace doubt by faith, timidity by overflowing belief, and we must have a set aim and a fixed purpose.

"You never know what you can do till you try" is no idle proverb. It is a profound truth.

real value, lot after lot is knocked down at lightning speed.

Again and again a home of practically new furniture, of good quality, has been sold outright to satisfy a debt of £10 or £15.

In one recent case the debt and costs amounted to £6 19s. 6d. The money was not forthcoming, so a sale of the debtor's furniture was ordered.

The whole thing was a wicked fiasco.

The auctioneer employed none of the recognised arts of salesmanship. The usual knot of regular dealers were present. If one of them lifted an eyelid down came the hammer.

A piano in perfectly good condi-

price for articles they happened want.

The answer is that, although law stipulates that these debt auctions shall be public, they hardly ever attended by casual buyers.

Like a tea-party

Most of them are never public advertised. They are as cosy as afternoon tea-party.

Before the auctioneer arrives, dealers closely scan the goods, agreeing between themselves what they will buy.

These "knock-out" sales are

Order of the COURT



...and ruthlessly sold at "knock-out" auctions which are little more than a tragic fiasco

.. Scandal Behind the "Knock-out" Auction

far above their actual value in money, odd bits of furniture for which we have a particular affection, little ornaments which are pretty and pleasing to the eye, though possessed of no artistic or commercial value, little things we treasure not for their intrinsic worth, but because they were presents from people we love, photographs of parents or relatives, and a score of similar trifles which are the very ingredients of the "home."

Brigandage

To the Court bailiff these things are just so much junk.

"Lot 10-5s."—that is all.

In one sale-room not long ago an elderly woman created a "scene" during the auction of the household goods of her married son, with whom she had been living. It was just an ordinary small debt auction, a matter of £16 being owed.

Among the "lots" was a set of pictures, mostly cheap oleographs, but including one or two photographs, among them a portrait of the old lady's dead husband. The sale of this, her sole memorial of the husband she had loved, was too much for her composure.

Tearfully she protested. "It's a shame," she cried. "It's the only photograph of him I have. You have no right to sell it. It belongs to me."

The auctioneer said nothing, but quietly handed her the picture. Probably his action was illegal, but it was the manly and decent thing to do.

Unfortunately, it is not often that this degree of humanity is met with in debtors' sale-rooms. We could

produce numberless instances to the contrary, where there has been cruel injustice and hard-hearted oppression.

In this article JOHN BULL, after full and complete investigation, indicts the whole system of selling up homes under Court orders as a merciless engine for the oppression of the honest poor.

These forced sales of debtors' goods are naked brigandage.

It is a sin and a shame to skin a poor man's cottage or tenement to the bare walls, grabbing everything he possesses, except the tools of his trade, and beds for his family to lie on, just because he cannot all at once pay small arrears of debt.

The man whose home is sold up in this way has to get into debt again before he can resume the struggle for existence. He must live somewhere. With a wife and family he requires sufficient houseroom, and a few pounds' worth of furniture to stock the new home.

Danger often enters here. Recently a man was sent to prison for three months for obtaining credit by false pretences. His home had been sold up under a County Court order to satisfy a debt of £16 incurred during a spell of unemployment.

Then his luck turned and he found a job. He was anxious to set up a new home for his wife and three children. Asked by his new landlord if he had ever been in trouble over money, he denied it.

He returned the same answer to a similar enquiry by an easy payment firm from which he was buying a little furniture to replace that sold by the County Court order in satisfaction of the £16 debt.

The poor fellow fell ill and was unable to keep up the hire-purchase

payments. Enquiries followed.

His concealment of the County Court judgment and the selling up of his home was construed by the police as false pretences. This completed his ruin. The stigma of a prison sentence is now added to the disgrace of being poor!

If you receive a County Court summons examine it minutely. On the back of it you will find it stated, although not so plainly as it ought to be, that if you will write to the Registrar, admitting that you owe the money, and asking for time for payment, your application will be considered.

A small concession, but worth bearing in mind.

Most debtors, unfortunately, are wholly ignorant of this saving clause, or, if they read it, they do not grasp its meaning. They simply let things slide until the bailiffs are at their door.

Overhaul it!

What is really needed is a thorough-going revision of High Court and County Court procedure to insure that no man who owes money which he honestly cannot afford to pay shall ever be robbed without mercy of his household possessions.

After every Court judgment the debtor should be summoned before the Registrar for an enquiry into his means. He should then be ordered to pay by fair and reasonable instalments.

At present the luckiest debtor is the one who owns nothing at all or has cleverly contrived that everything shall be "in the wife's name."

JOHN BULL has never been slow to take up the cudgels on behalf of honest men and women who are in misery and despair through the harshness of debt procedure. The scandal and tragedy that so often lie behind the phrase "Sold up—by order of the County Court," constitute one of the worst features of that debt procedure that we know.



"public" in the sense that the door of the sale-room is not actually locked. Nevertheless, they are hole-and-corner affairs, which the ordinary buyer would find it extremely hard to locate.

Thus competitive buying is practically eliminated, and prices kept to the lowest level.

Can anything more pitiful be imagined than the misery of a home from which every shred of furniture has been removed, every article of comfort or adornment snatched away, to satisfy a debt of a few pounds?

All our homes contain things of one sort or another which we prize



double your
pleasure with



15's
FOR 6^d

PARK DRIVE

10 FOR 4^d • PLAIN OR CORK TIP • 5 FOR 2^d

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to Dr. A. J. Cronin

DEAR DR. CRONIN,—You have wrought almost a literary miracle. Although you have turned grim truth into a frank and revealing novel, you have scored with an instant success that already they tell me, you are thousands of pounds better off, because of your royalties. Usually, authors, to score success, have to flatter and pretend. You, scoring all that, have yet triumphed.

Millions of miners all over the world owe you a great debt because of your latest book, "The Stars Look Down." We applaud their heroism every now and then, when there is a colliery explosion. Then we all forget until the next time, condemning them, until another disaster happens, to live, underground, the lives of animals and for a pretty pittance, although it is largely upon their work that so-called "Civilisation" depends.

No one can say of you that you saw a sensation in the subject; that you thought it as something with which to titillate or something merely to sell. With an indignation tempered by a fine intelligence, you have written down things that you know—things that, knowing, you feel.

Indeed, with almost the solitary exception of Tolstol and his "Resurrection," for the first time since the days of Victor Hugo, whose novel, "Les Misérables," remains an indictment, a revelation, something that illumines, that an author has chosen the woes and the sufferings of mankind and written them, with flashes of genius, into a story that will remain through the years.

Your great novel is a plea for all the hundreds of thousands who, when they are lucky enough to be allowed to work, have to crawl on their bellies, hewing coal in the dark and at the risk, all the time, of fire, explosion, a falling-in of the roofs or the walls, or suffocating fumes.

You, a few years ago, an unknown doctor, made with your first novel, "Hatter's Castle," a great reputation. Now you have used your fame, your genius, to a high and mighty purpose.

Well, they cannot say that you are not writing the truth. After your naval service in the war, you became a medical

You Look Down to Make Us Look Up!

inspector of mines. In order to do that, you visited no fewer than 500 collieries!

You went underground, you mixed with the men, you met the employers. It became your job to master the official regulations dealing with employment underground, and the more you saw the more there surged in your mind a protest against the cruelty, the horror, yes, and the graft.

Royalty owners drew, year after year, fortunes, large payments for doing nothing. And all the time the miners toiled or the workless starved. Every now and then, usually because of broken regulations, scores of them were hurled into another world, but even then the evidence that might have condemned the owners or the careless officials was buried underground.

Everybody cried for a day or two, and then most people forgot. And when the mine was opened again things were just the same.

Your story, serialised in the *Daily Herald*, reached hundreds of thousands of people who know much about these things. But, as a book sold in cardboard covers to readers of fiction, it burst as a staggering exposure of disgraceful facts.

Men have found drama in war and its murders. You have written an epochal tragedy about another kind of war—the conflict which goes on perpetually between those who would enslave and those who would be free. Greed dominates the minds of the first class. The

enslaved make a blundering protest. Sometimes they unite. Then, often they quarrel again. And so the work of social redemption is postponed for another decade.

Many Labour people will disagree with much that you have written. They will argue that you do not understand, altogether, the way in which their movement has been built up. They may say that, when you show an idealistic miners' leader betrayed, and a self-seeking profiteering demagogue chosen in his place, that, while it may be true of one case, it is not typical.

But your object has not been to please anybody—no class, no section. Once you started placating, the frankness of your revelation would have been lost.

Anyway, you understand, as no other novelist has ever understood, the patience of the miners, the endurance of their women folk, the horror of their lives.

Many thousands will read your story of the knavery of owners, the lust of profiteering, the increasing greed which enslaves and corrupts and poisons.

I scarcely dare to hope that your book will change the minds of those complacent preachers who merely point to the joys of another world, and do nothing to relieve the evils and the horrors of this one.

Not for one moment do I imagine that any leader of the Government will be forced to realise that machinery could do, underground, all the toilsome work



now imposed on human beings who are little more than slaves, and that, at the same time, it is possible to use machinery, not to force the miners whose labour is displaced into a queue outside a Labour Exchange but to redeem their lives and to ensure for them complete amelioration, Leisure, Culture.

That is too much to expect.

But I do know that "The Stars Look Down," bought by hundreds of thousands, read in the *Daily Herald*, borrowed from the libraries, will do more than any novel written in our day to change opinion, to bring about a protest—yes, and in the end, I believe, to encourage the building of that Kingdom of Heaven on Earth which, if only we unite to build it, is possible in our own time and in our own generation.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

MR. WOODWARD,
Bishop of Bristol

MY LORD.—You are sending a notable message to the Wesleyan Conference which meets at Bristol in July.

"We can never forget what Britain owes to John Wesley," you say. "It was who set on foot that revival of religion which for the last two hundred years has steadily advanced."

This is a handsome admission which would bring confusion to the Church of England snobs who still regard all other sects with an insufferable air of superiority.

JOHN BULL.

MR. BRIDGET NEWALL, J.P.,
Widlock

DEAR MISS NEWALL.—Though you are a barrister, there has been adverse criticism of your appointment as a magistrate because you are only twenty-three. Don't worry. When Pitt became Prime Minister, at the age of twenty-four, he was found guilty of the atrocious crime of youth by those who preferred elders.

JOHN BULL.

MR. DAISY ELLISON,
Widlock, North London

WRETCH.—Poor women visiting hospitals were only too glad to avail themselves of your offer to guard their hands. But for two years you were robbing them under the guise of kindness. Seeing that the magistrate could think no offence more despicable, you can hardly grumble at your sentence of eight months' imprisonment.

JOHN BULL.

MR. ERNEST HAROLD STAMP,
Widlock, Lincs

DEAR SIR.—Rather than see your name remain under the stigma of bank-

ruptcy, to which he was driven by agricultural depression, you have not only waived your claim to a loan of five hundred pounds, but voluntarily paid the rest of his debts.

In granting a rescinding of the order the county court judge has rightly praised your generosity and public spirit.

Rarely do such happy tidings for creditors emerge from the gloomy portals of the Official Receiver's court!

JOHN BULL.

MR. JOHN CROWLEY,
Mutton Island Lighthouse, Galway

DEAR MR. CROWLEY.—I think you are very lucky in your lighthouse being where it is and nowhere near Loch Ness.

For you have shot and killed a monster 50 ft. long, 20 ft. in circumference and weighing three tons.

Won't the people of Inverness be jealous!

JOHN BULL.

MR. PERCY MACBETH,
Salford Stipendiary

DEAR SIR.—"I wish M.P.s would not do this sort of thing," you say, referring to a nineteen-year-old offender who had been released from a reformatory after an appeal by an M.P.

It is only by outside intervention that gross miscarriages of justice are sometimes prevented. You must remember that magistrates can make mistakes—and it is often the youthful offender who suffers.

JOHN BULL.

MR. G. J. V. WEIGALL,
Kent County Cricket Club

DEAR SIR.—So you feel disgusted with the eleven chosen to represent Kent because there is only one amateur and ten professionals. This, you declare, is "absolutely wrong."

It certainly would be if the side had

been chosen on any other ground than that of merit. I hope, then, that your protest does not reflect that snobbery which most of us hoped was rapidly dying.

You are too keenly interested in the game, I am sure, to perpetuate class distinction in cricket.

JOHN BULL.

The HEALTH COMMITTEE,
Cardiff

GENTLEMEN.—I am amazed by your proposal that in future probationer nurses at isolation hospitals should receive only £25 instead of £35 a year.

It should be obvious to the lowest intelligence that if the right type of woman is to be attracted to the nursing service an adequate salary should be paid.

Can it be that you have no intelligence whatever?

Or is your policy dictated by sordid meanness?

JOHN BULL.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN: Glad you're back at work. You're one of the few Ministers we can't spare.—JOHN BULL.

Sir SAMUEL BRIGHOUSE,
Lancashire County Coroner

DEAR SIR SAMUEL.—"I know that though I have been knighted by the King I am generally referred to as 'Owd Sammy,'" you remark.

Happily, in your case familiarity breeds not contempt but endearment.

It is a striking tribute to the sympathetic way in which you have discharged your not very pleasant duties for so many years that Lancashire should insist upon mentioning you in such affectionate and homely terms.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ELIZABETH WESTAWAY,
Southville, Bristol

DEAR MADAM.—I admire your pluck in circumstances that would have left most women of your age—seventy-seven years—in a state of collapse.

Roused from sleep, you found a burglar in your room who demanded your money. Promptly you left your bed, grappled with the intruder, and put him to flight.

But you are a brave woman—he might not have taken to his heels!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. E. C. STRIPP,
Beddington, Surrey

DEAR SIR.—It is both sad and infuriating to learn that your baby son has been killed by touching an electric fire switch of a kind which need not be tested owing to a defect in the law.

"I feel that if we can save another life from a similar accident my boy will not have died in vain"—you said at the inquest.

Only a parent can realise how heroic and touching are your words.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. DUDLEY S. PAGE,
King's Lynn Coroner

DEAR SIR.—"Death, in my opinion, was accelerated by the removal in a dying condition," was one of your remarks at an inquest on an elderly woman who had been carried to Lynn Hospital with a broken thigh and afterwards taken in an ambulance to the Poor Law Institution, unknown to her friends and without a nurse or attendance of any sort. You also said "the case has disclosed a very disturbing state of affairs."

Yes, it has—a state of affairs that calls for immediate investigation.

JOHN BULL.



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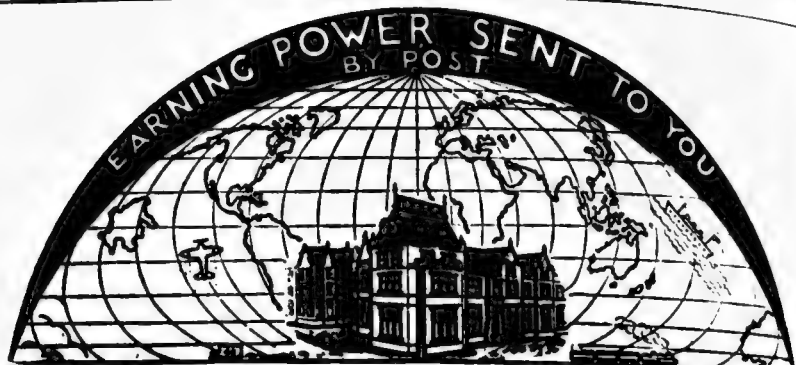
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OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam.—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but still later you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment. Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father? We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who want them. There are some people who manufacture an article and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that, we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity. If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes and I will give sound, practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. Bennett

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Jim Duak

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The JUBILEE'S BIG LESSON

THIS is a critical hour in human affairs. The word is with Hitler, and upon that word fateful issues depend. It may have been spoken before these times appear, or it may be spoken a few hours hence.

In either case, Herr Hitler's delay in making his reply to the British suggestion is fortunate in one important respect. It has given him an opportunity of ascertaining the mind and spirit of this country with a clearness never before paralleled.

It is often suggested that if Britain had not been apparently torn with internal discord in the summer of 1914 there would have been no war. I do not share that view; but there are grounds for holding it.

No such grounds for misunderstanding us exist to-day. The amazing scenes of last week—scenes so unforgettable, so impressive, so universal as to be unexampled in living memory, or indeed in history—revealed a nation moved by one emotion, speaking with one voice, swept by the fervour of one passion. All our petty disagreements of class and creed and party were submerged by a tidal wave of feeling that made King and People one in a common thanksgiving, dedicated to a common purpose.

It astonished ourselves. It astonished the world. I cannot doubt that its significance was marked by Herr Hitler, then engaged in preparing his speech. Herr Hitler knows something about demonstrations in a country where peoples are dragooned and march to order; but this was something that Herr Hitler and Hitler's other representatives in London last week had never seen.

Helping Hitler

It was the spontaneous and overwhelming revelation of a free people united in a moment of extreme peril in a passion for its freedom and in its devotion to the institutions which secure that freedom.

No; whatever else may be in doubt, the solidarity of this country in the face of the present crisis in Europe is not in doubt. That is a great and potent fact which should have helped Hitler to shape his reply. For the influence of this country is still the most decisive factor in European affairs. And when we speak with one voice, as we have done

in the past week, that influence cannot be disregarded.

Nor in this great matter do we speak for ourselves alone. The cause of peace, the cause of a reconciled Europe centred at Geneva and established on the basis of agreed disarmament and collective guarantees of security is the cause of the plain people in every country. It is the cause of the German artisan as much as of the French peasant or the English workman. Their fates are all equally involved in the issue that hangs in the balance.

By A. G.
Gardiner

The other voice

It was well that another voice should chime in with that of the British people upon the ears of Herr Hitler at this momentous time. It is a voice which Hitler does not like; but it is one to which he will refuse to listen at his peril. For in this emergency the Bureau of the Labour and Socialist International expresses the feelings of the mass of the people everywhere, whatever their political shade of opinion.

In the manifesto—signed by representatives of most European countries, including Germany—which the Bureau issued from Brussels a few days ago it went to the heart of the problem in making loyalty to Geneva the acid test of a nation's intention.

The choice is simple. It is Geneva or war. "The danger of war in Europe," says the manifesto, "will be averted only when every act of aggression is confronted by a collective strength powerful enough to overcome it and promptly to restore peace."

This is the inescapable fact. The nation which refuses to go to Geneva implicitly pronounces for war. Nor is it enough to go to Geneva and pay lip service to Geneva's policy. It must be loyal to Geneva, a condition, by the way,

which cannot be reconciled with the menacing preparations that Mussolini is making for war on Abyssinia. Will Hitler return to the League? Does he really wish to return? Or is he only fencing for time in which Germany can build up a war machine that will make her dominant in Europe?

The answer to these questions can, at present, only be a matter of surmise.

But if the answer is to be favourable there must, as the Labour manifesto admits, be a "new deal" for Germany. She must have complete equality. Whatever rights other Powers enjoy, she must enjoy in equal measure. Whatever armaments other Powers are permitted, she must be permitted. She must have the assurance that at the council table of Geneva the grievances imposed by the dictated Treaty of Versailles will be removed, and that in collaboration with her former enemies a negotiated settlement will be arrived at which will wash out all the evil discriminations and memories of the war.

The fact that Germany is the source of danger must not blind us to the truth that it is the post-war policy of the Allies, under the influence of France, which has made her so. If we had been even moderately just to her



The wholehearted enthusiasm of the Jubilee crowds was "something Hitler has never seen"

after the war, there would have been no Hitler to-day to imperil the peace of Europe. We have, by our blundering, manoeuvred ourselves into the position of something like suppliants where we might have made a generous and durable peace with a defeated enemy.

That opportunity was lost, and now this country must play its part in salvaging Europe. No other country speaks with the same authority or influence. We are neither pro-French nor anti-German. We have no territorial interests to serve and no revenges to satisfy.

Essential point

Our only concern is to save Europe from drifting, as it is drifting now, into a catastrophe more terrible than that of 1914. That can only be done by bringing Germany into the European system, and so substituting a collective peace for the present race in armaments.

If Hitler's reply on the specific points raised by this country is reasonable, let us set about the renewal of negotiations. Every approach to a negotiated settlement would be a step on the road to the goal of Geneva.

The acceptance of the Western Air Pact would alone change the whole atmosphere of Europe, and an agreement to submit all aeroplane construction to a system of inspection and control would create a confidence that has long since been a stranger to European peoples.

The essential point is to get back to the position before that fatal November of 1933, when Germany went out of the League and the Disarmament Conference.

We cannot fairly say that her action then was unprovoked, and it is for those who share with her the responsibility for their misfortune to do their utmost to repair the mischief.

If Hitler will do his part, let us courageously do ours. If he is obdurate, then let us turn with all the more resolution to Geneva as the guardian of European peace.

Not From the B.B.C.

HOW doth the operatic star
Employ the shining hours,
When not engaged in bowing
thanks
for plaudits and for flowers?

Who quarrels with the baritone,
Who answers her with jeers;
Who calls, which at first are calm,
Soon call forth floods of tears.

The tenor's smiling morning face
By noon with rage is grim,
The loathing of the mezzo is
As fierce as hers for him!

The suave conductor tears his hair
If any; the bassoons
Change offensive noises while
The fat contralto swoons!

Night none knows what's true or false;
What's real and what is art;
The love of which the tenor sings?
The hatred in his heart?

That everything in the Garden—mean-
ing Covent Garden—is far from lovely
shown by the (so to speak) peep behind
the scenes which Sir Thomas Beecham
has supplied.

We meet in the morning in the best

Operatic Fireworks

of tempers," he said; "by 2 p.m. we are ready to cut each other's throats; by the middle of the evening performance no one speaks to anyone else."

This is because a talent for singing is usually allied to an infinite capacity for "making a song" about everything, and tenors and sopranos are living refutations of the popular theory that persons who run to flesh are of an easy-going temperament.

But operatic artists have their own standards, so the tearing out of handfuls of a rival's hair by a temperamental soprano is not necessarily to be regarded as an unfriendly act.

"At 10 o'clock next morning," Sir Thomas assures us, "it is all forgotten and forgiven, and we start again"; and this, he holds, is "the ideal state of things."

Having lived among exponents of the Ideal Life, under scratch-as-cats-can rules, Sir Thomas is convinced of the beauty of brawling and feels rather sorry for less tempestuous mortals.

"Ordinary people," he sadly remarks,

"do not want to scratch each other's eyes out. Life for them is nothing but a dull level of monotonous politeness that is fatal to human happiness."

If you want to be happy and gay,
You will find there is no other way
Than to so arrange life
That it's one round of strife,
And you have at least five rows a day!

Why waste time in being polite,
When it's so much more pleasant to fight?
To pull somebody's nose
Turns a day of dull prose
Into one of unblemished delight!

Dull lives can with joy be imbued
If courtesy's banished as crude,
And we spend jolly days
In devising new ways
Of becoming excessively rude!

Thus, 'twould bring a most exquisite thrill
Covent Garden with cat-calls to fill!

But our Beecham, I ween,
Though we kept the fun clean,
Would find it a bit of a pill!

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on Dog Lovers

Dupes of Thomas Mayo may visualise pets like this, but they are sadly disillusioned—if they receive a dog from him at all.



DOG lovers in many parts of the country are being victimised by an individual named Thomas James Mayo, who uses various addresses in London districts, particularly in Kingsland Road, Bethnal Green, and Spencer Road, Stoke Newington.

Already complaints have reached us from various parts of the country, which indicate that the frauds are very widespread indeed.

A typical case is that of a woman who, anxious to obtain a wire-haired terrier, was attracted by one of Mayo's advertisements in a provincial newspaper. She forwarded a remittance in payment, but the money was not even acknowledged.

When, after waiting patiently for some time, she wrote to ask the reason for the delay, her letter was ignored. A second letter brought forth a crudely written postcard with the excuse that Mr. Mayo had been "very busy."

As a customer had sent him a dog that was suffering from a skin disease, he explained, several of the animals in his kennels, including the pedigree dog he had earmarked for her, had become infected.

Stony silence

There was nothing very serious, he added, and as soon as the dog was well enough to travel he would send it along.

A month passed without further news, and Mayo maintained a stony silence whenever the anxious client wrote to enquire when she might expect her promised pet.

Then, on the advice of a friend, the woman went to the local police,

where she learnt to her dismay that Mayo was well known to the authorities, not as a dog fancier, but as a rogue who had been periodically living by his wits for nearly twenty years!

The outcome of this interview was that particulars of the woman's case were forwarded to London, and in record time a reply was received to the effect that the police there were being inundated with complaints and enquiries concerning Mayo's latest activities in the dog world.

Still not paid

Another complaint comes from a woman who sent cash in advance for a supposed pedigree sealyham dog which proved so disappointing that she returned it immediately.

All her efforts to obtain a refund of her money have so far failed; Mayo does not even trouble to acknowledge her letters.

An example of a slightly different kind, but one which reveals the widespread nature of these frauds on dog-lovers, concerns yet another man who answered an advertisement offering to buy dogs. He dispatched this animal by rail to Mayo at his Kingsland Road address.

Receipt of the dog was acknowledged by postcard in which Mayo intimated that he would have it valued by his veterinary surgeon and forward a cheque in due course. Nothing more was heard of the matter, though the Exeter man wrote repeatedly to jog Mayo's memory.

Only after three further letters had been sent did Mayo condescend to break his silence. He then wrote a rude note to the effect that the dog had arrived in a sick condition and had died.

Well aware that this could not pos-

sibly be true, our own investigator set out upon a mission of enquiry. His first discovery was that the address in Kingsland Road was an apartment house, the ground floor being used as a café. He looked in vain for any signs of kennels and found that Thomas James Mayo, "dog fancier and dealer," was an elusive and shadowy figure who called occasionally for letters.

Further investigations revealed that the dog he had sent to Mayo had actually been disposed of in the animals' market at Club Row, London, within a few hours of its delivery.

The truth is that Mayo is not a dog fancier or dog dealer in the accepted

sense of the word. He has no real kennels and the various addresses he uses in his widespread campaign are simply private houses.

The complaints which have arisen about his latest activities are monotonously similar in character, being chiefly from people who have sent money for dogs which have never been supplied, or who have sent dogs to Mayo and received no payment.

In a few instances where Mayo has supplied animals, under pressure, they have been of the mongrel type.

Far from being an animal lover, Mayo is a hardened criminal who some time ago was released from prison after serving a term for fraud. Many complaints have been made about him obtaining money by false pretences from insurance companies in connection with accidents staged and faked by himself to obtain compensation to which he was never entitled.

Not so very long ago he had a chicken stall in Farringdon Street market, but his activities there came to an abrupt end when he grossly assaulted a fellow-stallkeeper who had objected to his vile language and loathsome manners. For that offence he received a sentence of six months.

Black record

Mayo often resorts to threats of violence and once brutally assaulted a police officer who was making enquiries about him.

He has been in jail on several occasions, his longest sentence being one of three years' penal servitude.

In his criminal career, in which he has played upon all classes of the public, he has used a variety of names, including those of Thomas Maye, Thomas Mays, and Edward Maye.

The fact that his hauls in each individual case are comparatively small in no way lessens the disappointment to dog-lovers who are led to place their trust in him in vain.

We trust that this exposure will be in time to bring his latest activities to a speedy end.

Ruthless Rates Tyranny

OFTEN we have criticised and condemned the undue harshness of certain municipal authorities in the collection of rate arrears from honest but unfortunate citizens.

It would seem—from the evidence submitted to JOHN BULL—that the Lincolnshire town of Grantham is earning a very unenviable reputation in this respect.

The methods adopted there in dealing with tardy ratepayers are, in our opinion, open to the strongest censure. Offers to make delayed rate payments by instalments are disregarded, and the debtors threatened with immediate execution by the court bailiff.

Disastrous results to individuals have followed. There is, for example, the case of Miss Ada Hodson, formerly a shopkeeper in St. Peter's Hill, Grantham. For nearly fifty years Miss Hodson has lived in the town, and has been in business as a costumier for more than a quarter of a century. Always until recently Miss Hodson paid her rates promptly after the demand was made. A period of bad trade, however, hit her severely, and she fell behind with a half year's rates to the extent of £18 17s. She offered to pay off the debt at the

rate of £8 a month or more if receipts at her shop took a turn for the better, but this proposal was refused.

With seventy other Grantham rate debtors, Miss Hodson was summoned to appear before the local magistrates. Again she explained her hard circumstances and declared that she was only too willing to meet her rate liability by paying so much a week.

* * *

She was sympathetically told by the chairman of the Bench to see the town rate officials, and so thought that she had been given time in which to settle the outstanding account.

Instead of which she discovered, to her consternation, that the bailiff had received instructions to distrain on her goods and chattels for the full amount of £18 17s.

Because of this distraint order, Miss Hodson was forced to end her old-established business. She had to compound with the different creditors. The whole of her stock and fittings were sold off at ridiculously small prices.

If some sort of allowance had been given to this woman her insolvency would have been saved. The insistence on the rate payment was just the last straw which broke her business and broke her heart. But for that insistence

she would have been able to satisfy all her creditors in full, and continue the business she established twenty-five years ago.

We have other instances of the same kind of treatment from Grantham. Another woman owed only £6 4s. 11d. in rates and promised to pay £1 down and the balance at 10s. a week. She would have cleared her indebtedness faithfully, but the Grantham authorities insisted on their pound of flesh. The woman was sold up for rate debt.

Yet a third case illustrating the Grantham intolerance to temporary financial difficulty: The ratepayer, again a woman, whose husband was in part-time work only.

* * *

She owed the great sum of £4 16s. and gave an explicit promise to pay in instalments. Offer not accepted; distraint levied, and a few pigs the woman kept were promptly seized and sold for rates and court expenses.

Further examples of a similar kind could be quoted.

Without question, Grantham should amend its rate enforcement methods. It is intolerable that people, willing to pay and offering to pay, should be made to suffer by such ridiculously strict adherence to the letter of the law.

IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST

The relief of suffering, the avoidance of operations is a matter of such national importance that we feel it necessary, in the public interest, to bring the following facts to the attention of those who suffer from most forms of stomach trouble.

**RELIEF
OF
PAIN**

It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands of people have been rescued from lives of suffering, anxiety, and pain from stomach troubles. For years the signature Alex. C. Maclean has safeguarded the public health.

**AVOIDANCE
OF
OPERATIONS**

But these astonishing cures (see below), often in seemingly hopeless cases, have been achieved by the original and genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder—the "Signature" Brand—and not by any substitute.

**SUFFERER
SPEAKS
TO
SUFFERER**

Take the case of "Miss B. C." (see letter below) "who suffered agony for 20 years." She was cured by Maclean Brand and by Maclean Brand alone, not by any untested imitation. Or "Mr. G. W." He was cured by Maclean Brand—the powder with the signature Alex. C. Maclean on the bottle, not by any unsigned anonymous substitute. That is why, in the interests of Public Health, the public should see on the carton and on the bottle the signature

Alex. C. Maclean

FACTS not Theories Each of the letters printed here relate to a Fact—just as the stomach pain you may be suffering from is a Fact. And the overwhelming important fact is that the cures were effected by the original and genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder—with the signature Alex. C. Maclean.

You may be offered something "cheaper," but dare you take the risk of saving a few pence and perhaps have to spend pounds on an operation later? Put your mind at rest by seeing the signature.



Get a bottle of the original and genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and rid yourself of Indigestion, Acidity, Flatulence, Heartburn, and Gastric trouble of every kind.

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons, both bearing the signature "Alex. C. Maclean," which is your guarantee. All good chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

The "Signature" Brand

MACLEANS LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD.

20 Years Suffering from Gastric Stomach

Miss B. C., Montpelier, Bristol, writes: "For over 20 years I have suffered with gastric stomach. The attack would start suddenly. Then I would be prostrate and vomit the whole day. Nothing ever stopped it. I have spent much money on 'sure things,' and my trouble has been a tragedy to me in work and pleasure. I have just finished a 1/3 bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and the relief has been great! My friends are surprised at the marvellous result."

13 Years' Terrible Pain with Gastritis

Read this letter from Mr. G. W., Titchfield, Hants:—

"During the past 12 years I have suffered very badly from Gastritis, sometimes having to nearly starve myself for as much as a month at a time, only to start suffering again as soon as I started work. After trying nearly all the remedies shown in shop windows a chemist advised a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, 1/3 size, as a trial. I feel it my duty to let you know that it was not only a trial but a cure."



What a pity all mothers do not realise that when their daughters are approaching their 'teens, thorough and regular bowel movements are of vital importance to their normal development. 'California Syrup of Figs' is so gentle and safe in its action that it is the ideal laxative for adolescent girls.

At such a time it is a mother's duty to make sure that her daughter's bowels are clean and free from poisonous waste matter and many an anxious mother has thanked me for pointing out the value of the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.'

1/3 and 2/6 per bottle of all chemists. The larger bottle is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

"I was struck with that myself, Miss Maitland, and I have found that nearly every girl in the class now has 'California Syrup of Figs' regularly.

I always find that the bowel cleanliness that this brings, promotes good appetite, vigorous health and regular school attendance. You will agree with me that good health and sound education go hand in hand.

California Syrup of Figs

BRAND

'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE



Blond Hair Men Adore!

Natural blond colour brought back—
even to darkened shades—

in one shampoo—without bleaching

There is something about bright and shimmering natural blond hair that attracts men, like a magnet. Don't think that because your hair has darkened to a dull brown shade that you can't bring back to it that golden gleam of childhood, and make it attractively charming and fascinatingly radiant. You can if you use Sta-blond, that glorious shampoo treatment used by millions of light and dark blondes all over the world, who know that it prevents light blond hair from darkening and brings back that rich golden beauty to even the dullest and most faded hair. It makes the permanent wave last longer, and adds that girlhood charm to your face, without the use of peroxide, injurious bleaching or henna and camomile rinsing. Accept no substitutes. If you are not satisfied, your money will be refunded. Known abroad as Nublon and Blondex. Obtainable everywhere. Sta-blond Laboratories, Acton Lane, N.W.10.

STA-BLOND THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

HAYWARD'S MILITARY PICKLE

Appeals to all palates. It is crisp without being hard, small without being too "mashy," neither too sweet, not too sharp.

Of all Grocers.

HAYWARD BROS. LTD.
KENNINGTON. S.E.11



Nine Little Martyrs

NOT one person in ten thousand probably has any knowledge of Aspull. Industrial economists, however, are well aware of the present conditions of this Lancashire township. To them it represents an unsolvable problem—but only one of scores of similar problems up and down the country.

For Aspull is one of the many urban areas of Britain which in recent years have been overwhelmed and submerged by the tide of industrial reconstruction. Until then it had been a thriving place with a population prosperous and happy in so far that work and an income was assured to them all, and they could give the semblance of brightness to the primitive houses which local landlords and an unprogressive council compelled them to occupy.

By day, the sky over Aspull was then dark, and at night it was lurid with flames. These were tokens that all was well and that any man willing to work could have it at the pits and steel and iron works.

Dazed misery

But to-day the smoke clouds have faded and the furnaces are quenched. Officially, Aspull is known as one of many "depressed areas." The countryside around is desolated. It is a picture of ruin, and the people move about in a kind of dazed and hopeless misery.

Big amalgamations have virtually blotted out the place as an industrial unit. The mines are sealed and silent, and their surface gear has been dismantled or stands derelict and rusted. The steel works and the rolling mills are roofless and in the hands of the wreckers. Indeed, the only work done in the district for many a day has been that of demolition and destruction, and even that is performed by imported labour.

Ninety per cent. of the people are unemployed. The bad houses which most of them occupy are becoming worse and more dilapidated. Rot and stagnation are everywhere. No one has the energy for the imagination to re-create or to endeavour to make things better—the local council least of all.

Only recently some citizens sent a petition to the council praying that it should undertake a piece of urgently



Aspull is in the constituency Mr. R. J. Davies represents in Parliament, and his attention is called to the action of its council, described here

necessary public improvement work to provide a small measure of employment. The appeal was received with such listless contempt that a resolution was actually proposed at the council meeting that the petition should be "thrown on the fire."

So awful is the official apathy in the midst of misery and ruin that, although the black list of houses condemned by the medical authorities increases every week, the council refuses to face the position. It has not built a single house. It is apparently content that the town should crumble away until in time it becomes extinct.

Now, the council has had one burst of strange activity. The ever growing list

but he was thankful at least still to have even a shabby roof for the shelter of his family. Often, like so many other people in the district, he had asked the council to provide him with a decent home when it began a building scheme. But the council has never even contemplated a scheme of the kind.

Without any offer of alternative accommodation, except a suggestion that he and his family should enter the workhouse of a neighbouring town, the council went to the court and sought an order for the ejection of the unemployed man from his home. As the house had been condemned, the court had no option but to make the order, although Holden

VICTIMS OF AN AMAZING EVICTION

of condemned houses troubled its conscience at last. It decided to act firmly to show that it still possesses a sense of power.

Seemingly at random, it selected from the schedule of condemned dwellings the home of Mr. William Holden, of New Springs, and resolved to take steps to evict him and his wife and nine children.

Bad as the condition of the house occupied by Mr. Holden was, it was much better than many others. For five years Holden, a steel worker, has been unemployed,

pleaded tearfully that his rent had always been paid regularly and in full and that he had nowhere else to go if turned out.

Not a word was said in court about the numerous other condemned houses or about the fate of their occupiers if they were to be dealt with in the same manner as Mr. Holden.

Deputations from the British Legion and other representative bodies and citizens waited on the councillors and protested against the ruthless treatment of the large Holden family.

Their representations were coldly received. The council was determined to exercise its fullest powers and it preferred to be dumb when challenged regarding its indolence and steadfast refusal to provide the people with new and better homes.

They watch

One morning, while the Holden family were still asleep, a party of policemen came to the house, summoned Mr. Holden to the door and told him to have his children dressed and to be ready to move out with his goods in half an hour. It was, of course, a distasteful duty for the police officers, and when they observed the agony which was being caused to Mr. and Mrs. Holden they removed their tunics and quietly set about the task of removing the contents of the house into the street.

While the eviction was in progress, some of the councillors came along to see that their orders were being thoroughly carried out. They waited until all the furniture had been piled in the roadway and the keys had been handed over to the police.

They saw also the crying children huddled in a dismal group outside what had been their home. The spectacle of the nine little innocent martyrs evoked no sympathy from the civic heart.

Mr. Holden asked what he was to do. The only advice tendered was to marshal his family and lead them to the workhouse at Wigan, three miles away.

Shop as home

This he could not do. A relative arrived and offered to accommodate the family. Already in the relative's house, which has only two bedrooms, were four people, so that when the Holden family entered there were fifteen altogether in the tiny and humble dwelling. But the council calmly ignored this ghastly case of overcrowding.

Now Mr. Holden and his family have obtained accommodation elsewhere—in an empty shop for which they have to pay a rent three times more than formerly.

It may seem incredible that in a district so stricken the council should not have done something for the relief and housing of its people. But the civic mentality may be judged and understood when it is stated that in Aspull there is a rule that, when the calendar shows that the moon should be rising, the street lamps must not be lit.

PAIN-KILLING PLUNDERERS

A MAGIC remedy for the removal of aches and pains of every description is the principal stock-in-trade of an individual in a persuasive manner who calls on small traders offering his wares in quantities at wholesale prices.

According to the convincing stories he tells, he represents what he calls the Sequar Manufacturing Co., of Farringdon Road, London, E.C.1, while the remedy he is offering for sale takes the form of tablets contained in boxes sold in dozens, or at 18s. 6d. a gross.

He calls on shopkeepers during an idle hour when the shop is empty of customers, and upon displaying a sample of his wonderful formula for the relief of pain, he offers to arrange for the entire neighbourhood to be canvassed.

A further promise is that the canvassers themselves will undertake the sale of a large portion of the quantity supplied. And in support of this, the bustling salesman hands out an official-looking invoice conveying the information that it is only necessary to apply the remedy, and upon a touch the pain will melt away.

On the strength of these and similar

promises, and quite believing that the Sequar Manufacturing Co. had discovered something that was really worth while and marketable, one of our readers paid cash for 36 boxes of the goods in question.

But it is quite obvious that, having secured payment on the spot for a commodity of unknown virtue which cannot be obtained elsewhere, the trader is dependent on the Sequar concern to carry out the promises which are glibly made by the quick-fire salesman on the occasion of the first unsolicited visit.

Alas! He must look to them in vain, for letters addressed to the Sequar Manufacturing Company, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.1, have been returned by the postal authorities marked significantly "Not known."

* * * * *

Another offer, of a somewhat different nature, is addressed to sufferers from rheumatism through the small advertisement columns of provincial newspapers.

Those interested are invited to send to an alleged chemist at an address in North London for a "copy of a Harley Street specialist's prescription."

They are informed that this prescrip-

tion was obtained by the chemist during the ordinary course of his professional duties as a dispenser, and as it does not fall within the scope of the Dangerous Drugs regulations there is no objection to its being offered for sale.

This secret is available for anyone willing to risk 5s., or if they prefer it, they may have a bottle of medicine prepared according to the prescription for 7s. 6d.

All this sounds very impressive, but sufferers who may imagine that it is worth their while to secure "Harley Street" prescriptions at bargain prices should hesitate before parting with their money.

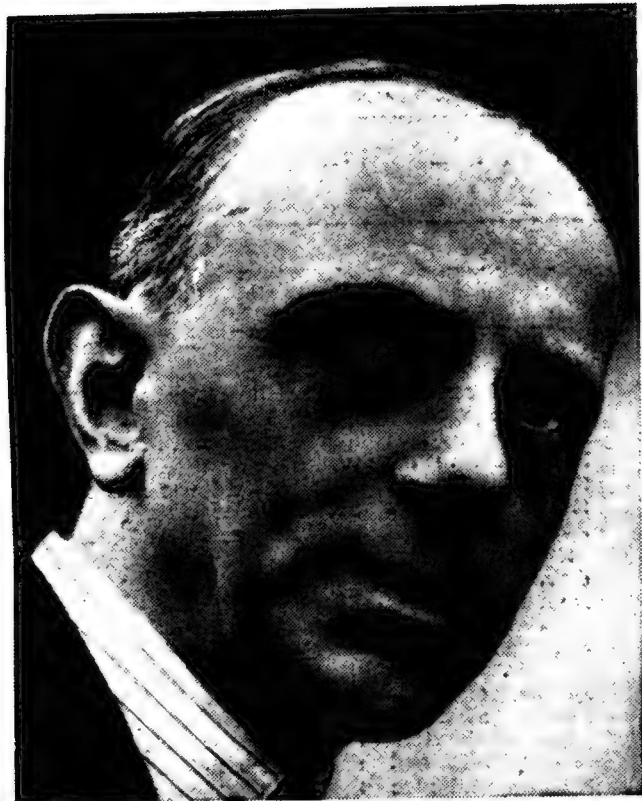
How can they be sure that the particular prescription is applicable to their own case? And how can they accept an unknown chemist's assurance that he has any right to dispose of someone else's prescription in this way?

The indiscriminate offer of medicines that have been prepared from a prescription given for one individual patient cannot be too strongly condemned.

Tricks of this description are well known to readers of JOHN BULL, which has repeatedly exposed such fee-snatching devices.

SPECIALIST'S CATARRH DISCOVERY

Now Available for
Sufferers Everywhere



Catarrhal Deafness, Head Noises,
Coughing, Choking, Sneezing,
Hay Fever, Constant Colds, etc.,
BANISHED FOR EVER

**FREE INSTANT RELIEF AND
GUARANTEED COMPLETE REMEDY
FOR SLIGHT OR SERIOUS CASES.**

Mr. JOHN HOUBEN, to whom has been entrusted the World-wide distribution of the astonishing new Catarrh Remedy, now offers Free Relief by post to all sufferers who send the form below or call upon him personally at 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

EIGHT years ago a London Doctor was so impressed with the unfortunate case of the chronic Catarrh sufferer that he devoted most of his time and energy to finding a remedy for this annoying, weakening and often dangerous complaint.

He experimented with all the usual inhalants, douches and medicines, and introduced his own improvements, to the great relief of his patients.

It was not, however, until he had distilled an entirely new germicide—one that was perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, though absolutely deadly to the catarrh germ—that he knew he was on the right track.

Even that was not enough. Catarrh is such an obstinate disorder, spreading to every part of the system, that he had to perfect a complete four-fold method before the trouble was definitely conquered.

Complete Riddance From Catarrh

The results were astonishing. No matter where the germs lodged—in the passages of the head, throat, chest, in the stomach or intestines—the four-fold attack cleared them right out of the system. Not a single "centre of infection" remained from which they could spread back again to the nose and throat.

Now he has placed his discovery at the service of Catarrh victims

all over the world. Being unable, for reasons of Medical Etiquette, to call public attention to his discovery, he has handed his formulæ, with the results of his long and extensive experience of

Catarrh, to Mr. John Houben, with instructions to use them to bring the greatest benefit to the greatest number of sufferers.

Mr. Houben knows that Catarrh sufferers have reasons to be sceptical as to loudly proclaimed "cures" for their trouble, so he has decided upon a means of convincing every interested person that this four-fold discovery is something unique and really effective.

Remarkable Free Offer

He will send to every Reader of this newspaper who applies on the Form at foot:—

1. A FREE Sample of the Doctor's powerful new Distillate, which will give INSTANT RELIEF, even in the worst cases. He will also send:
2. Full Particulars of his offer to treat everybody under a legally binding guarantee to *remedy their condition completely*. Either they are fully satisfied or it does not cost them one penny (apart from postage).

From past experience in thousands of cases of Catarrh, Mr. Houben knows that you will be not only satisfied, but astonished and delighted with the way your Catarrh will clear away.

The Joy of Easy Breathing

You will soon experience the Joy of Easy Breathing. Those constant headaches, chok-

ing, coughing and sneezing attacks will end. You will cease catching colds. The troublesome mucus in the throat will disappear. Your digestion and your general health will improve beyond belief. Head noises will cease. Your senses of hearing, taste and smell will all benefit.

If you have Catarrh, either slight or severe, whether merely a "stuffy nose" or a sore spot at back of throat, or whether you have been a sufferer for many years, there is no reason whatever why you should not now take advantage of this offer and see for yourself, without financial risk, what this medical discovery will do for you. Send the form now. That is the first step to glorious new health and permanent freedom from an annoying complaint, which steadily gets worse if neglected, and which leads to dangerous and even deadly consequences.

FREE INSTANT RELIEF for Catarrh Sufferers

To Mr. JOHN HOUBEN (Director),
Messrs. HAMLYN & HOUBEN, LTD.,
Manufacturing Chemists,

110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF for My Catarrh and offer to banish the trouble.

NAME
(Please Print Clearly in block capitals.)

ADDRESS

I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.
John Bull 18.35.

A MAD New Charity VENTURE

NEW charities, which arise suddenly and spread their fund-gathering propaganda among the general public, are always subjects of interest to me.

For I know so well how much over-lapping there is in charitable endeavour, and what harm can be done by a multiplication of upstart societies all attempting to cover the same field. By this redundancy charity may become a grave abuse, instead of being an instrument for good.

In the matter of unnecessary and often undesirable charity I feel strongly, and will do everything in my power to prevent people subscribing to such ill-considered efforts.

A new organisation—which I class deliberately as among the unwanted—has recently been brought to my notice. It is called the St. Michael's Society, established avowedly "for the assistance and after-care of patients discharged from mental hospitals," with headquarters at 13, Castle Meadow, Norwich, and a Mr. W. J. Paull as founder, secretary and director-in-chief.

Lately the St. Michael's Society has been advertising in a national newspaper for representatives, who on appointment are required to go on a kind of house-to-house collecting mission. In addition an appeal was issued on behalf of the Society in one of the Sunday publicity broadcasts from a French radio station.

Non-existent

"How would you feel if you were discharged from a mental hospital cured, without friends, money or employment?" was the start of this wireless message, addressed to British listeners. You would be broken down with fear, horrible, maddening fear—and so with other rather highly-coloured propaganda to the final request: "Please do make a donation to the St. Michael's Society, 13, Castle Meadow, Norwich."

When a Society adopts such methods of extracting money from the pockets of the kind-hearted, then, in the public interest, its establishment and its control must be carefully examined. Investigation by my staff reveals the fact that St. Michael's Society has no real existence. There is no organisation whatever. It is entirely a one-man show. Mr. W. J. Paull, the secretary, is the only official, and he has no properly constituted committee of management behind him.

Whatever Mr. Paull decides is the policy of the Society. He has a complete free hand in the matter of collecting subscriptions and in expenditure. Actually, the Society is Paull's own particular child. He, himself, for a period of six months was a patient in a Hampshire county mental hospital as a result of injuries in a war-time flying crash, and, because of his experiences, came to the conclusion that a new

charity to cater for the needs of discharged mental sufferers was needed.

So Mr. W. J. Paull became the St. Michael's Society; alternating his activities as self-appointed secretary with his ordinary work as a commission salesman.

The headquarters of St. Michael's Society consist of a single room on the second floor of a building fronting Norwich Castle. In one corner of the room is clustered an assortment of the commercial products which Mr. Paull hopes to sell, while on the tables are piled stacks of charity appeals, collecting envelopes and miscellaneous literature bearing the title "St. Michael's Society."

Misleading letter

Before me, as I write, is a copy of a letter written by Mr. Paull to a collector-representative. Really, this letter is an astonishing document, as the following extracts will show:—

"Our district representatives' duties include the collecting of subscriptions on behalf of the Society, and making contact with patients in mental institutions on visiting and discharge days.

"Your work is therefore not a business proposition, but a labour of love, for which you are fully entitled to ask the co-operation and support of the clergy, brotherhood and all organisations who believe in Christ and His teachings.

"An organisation of this kind cannot be carried on without money, neither can our representatives live without payment. We therefore pay our representatives a small salary and commission on their collections, and £2 a day is quite a normal amount to collect.

"There are many ways in which a representative can collect substantial amounts without any difficulty. As an example, we are producing a 'Penny-in-the-slot' calendar—a coin must be inserted to change the date. This novelty is easily placed and is very popular and produces a regular income.

"Selected applicants will receive commission of 33½ per cent. on their collec-



"—so many obvious objections to charity collection by employees working on a commission basis."

tions for fourteen days, and, if satisfactory, will then be appointed a permanent representative at a salary of £2 a week plus 20 per cent. commission. County surveyors are selected from the most efficient district representatives and will receive a special remuneration."

My comment on that circular is just this: The whole thing is a preposterous document which might easily give the impression that the St. Michael's Society is a sound and well-founded charity organisation instead of a one-man affair.

It is obvious that after payment of salary and commission has been made to the collectors, and a due allocation made for overheads and the expenses of Paull's office, there will only be a small proportion of income available for the ostensible objects of the Society—namely, the assistance of patients discharged from mental hospitals.

There are, of course, many obvious objections to the system of charity collection by employees working on such a salary and commission basis.

Apart from that, it is impossible for a person in the position of Mr. Paull to guarantee the honesty of all his collectors. Indeed, he admitted, when interviewed by a member of my staff, that one collector had already robbed both him and the Society.

So far the tangible results achieved

by St. Michael's Society in the way of assisting mental patients have been exactly nil. Secretary Paull admits that the money must roll in before he can commence effective operations.

Everything which Mr. W. J. Paull pretends he will be able to do through his organisation is already covered in a most admirable manner by other institutions, long-established and entirely well-founded.

My advice

After my investigator had interviewed him, Mr. Paull made a surprising offer.

"I welcome this opportunity of bringing the Society to your notice," he wrote, "and in order that you may be able to assure your readers that this Society is a genuine and worthy cause, I suggest that you nominate a member of your staff to join the committee.

"This committee will consist of a member of Toc H.; a representative of the firm of chartered accountants who will supervise the accounts and produce the balance-sheet, and other people of known integrity.

"Any help and guidance which you can give us will be much appreciated."

I take Mr. Paull at his own word. The help and guidance I give him is the plain advice to shut up his one-man society as quickly as may be.

A SHIPPING SNARE

LIFE at sea has its attractions for many people, and when situations afloat are mentioned in advertisements there are thousands eager for such opportunities.

Recently Mr. J. Hamblett, who glories in the business title of the London Shipping Enquiry Bureau, of 195, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, has been advertising offering "information regarding situations afloat."

Those who reply receive a duplicated circular in which Hamblett with becoming modesty states that he does not send out "descriptive booklets" or guarantee to find a job for the applicant.

But he does mention the large sums of money which can be made afloat by stewards and others.

Thus having whetted the appetite of the applicant, he offers for a fee of 3s. 6d. to give personal advice, and "to point out the way in which it should be

possible to get in touch with the real key men in the shipping world—the actual men who deal with the signing on of the crews."

Those who are foolish enough to send 3s. 6d. as requested receive a single duplicated sheet describing a ruse whereby a shipping superintendent could be tricked into giving an interview to an applicant for a job.

We can well imagine that the average superintendent would be so annoyed at this ruse that the applicant's interview would be both short and unsatisfying.

Write to
JOHN BULL
About It!

In addition, Hamblett, of the London Shipping Enquiry Bureau, also gives a list of shipping company superintendents which can be obtained for nothing from reference books at any public library.

The fact is that he is a fee-snatcher who preys on those who can ill afford to waste the 3s. 6d. which he asks as his fee.

He operates from a small office at the top of a building in Shaftesbury Avenue, and we are as little impressed with his business premises as we are with the advice to those who seek jobs afloat.

We urge readers to give Hamblett a very wide berth. Those who had thought of sending him 3s. 6d. should think again and save their money.

Actually there is widespread unemployment in the shipping world, and any attempt to obtain fees by offering information about jobs which do not exist is a contemptible trick.

Whatever the pleasure
PLAYER'S
 complete it



Ready for the road, a happy cavalcade,
 soon to be storming the hills or swinging
 through the dales; finding enjoyment in every
 mile. And as they pedal along, or pause
 by the way, 'Player's' complete their pleasure.

REMEMBER *Player's Please* WHEREVER YOU RIDE



PLAIN OR
 CORK-TIPPED
 10 FOR 6^d
 20 " 11¹/₂

INNOCENT—BUT RUINED..

BROKEN in health and faced with the unpleasant fact that her life savings have been swallowed up in establishing her innocence of a terrible charge, Mrs. Flora Syrett, of

Tower Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, a soldier's widow without a pension, has passed through a dreadful ordeal.

She has been driven to the verge of despair through the thoughtless action of certain unknown people who have thought fit to lay anonymous charges against her.

It all began when a fire broke out at the General Stores, Stewkley, near Leighton Buzzard, where her father, Mr. Kent, has been in business for twenty-one years.

Mrs. Syrett, who, with her sister, assisted her father in his business, lived in the village away from the store.

One morning Mrs. Syrett arrived to begin the day's work, but on going upstairs found that a bedroom used by her father was on fire.

She immediately raised the alarm and called for help. The local fire brigade arrived and the fire was mastered before much damage had been done.

Such a small event caused a mild sensation in the quiet Buckinghamshire village of Stewkley. Tongues began to wag. Sinister anonymous letters were dropped by furtive hands into letter-boxes in the village.

Pathetic figure

Who had started the fire at the General Store, Stewkley? This was a question which was keenly discussed in the local inns and private parlours. And when the police found evidence that seemed to suggest that the fire had been started with malicious intent, it required little gossip to magnify the event out of all reason.

The machinery of the law was set in motion and Mrs. Flora Syrett, the pathetic widow, was arrested on two charges. The first of setting fire to certain bed-clothing and wearing apparel at the General Store, Stewkley, and the second of attempting to obtain £27 from an insurance company by false pretences.

On the face of it there seemed absolutely no evidence against Mrs. Syrett. The General Store was the family's means of livelihood. She had over £200 in the bank in her own name, and the insurance claim for a paltry £27 was so small that any motive for committing the alleged crime of setting fire to the premises was not clear.

In the face of this lack of definite



Mrs. Syrett, who has been ruined in her fight for her good name against evil gossip following a fire at the shop where she worked with her father

evidence Mrs. Syrett was arrested and eventually sent for trial!

The date fixed for her trial was in September, 1933, and she was allowed bail in the meantime. When her name was called at the Buckinghamshire Quarter Sessions—there was no answer! Mrs. Syrett had disappeared.

We do not pretend to condone her offence of absconding on bail; but we do feel that the full facts of this unusual case should be made known.

She had been suffering in health and her mind was harassed by the charges which were hanging over her. For a time she was deaf and dumb as the result of the shock and worries of the case.

"It seemed so terrible that I had to

Mrs. Syrett went early this year, to the relief of her father and mother, who had begun to fear that the worst had happened.

Then, on February 27, she was arrested, and she remained in custody until April.

Misfortune followed misfortune. Shortly before the arrest her father, Mr. Kent, was taken seriously ill and was removed to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Bournemouth. Unaware of his daughter's arrest, the old man asked again and again why she did not come to see him.

Fearing that the shock of hearing the news of his daughter's arrest would kill the father, he was kept in ignorance of the facts, and excuses were made to

Terrible CHARGE against a WIDOW

run away from it all," was how Mrs. Syrett described her feelings at the time, and though she realises now that she was foolish, it is easy to appreciate her perplexed and distressed state of mind.

So this distressed widow sought sanctuary in London, and after much wandering in busy streets found a friend who looked after her.

Meanwhile, her family had removed to Boscombe, Bournemouth, and it was to this address that

explain why she did not come to see him in hospital.

Meanwhile, frantic appeals were made to the authorities so that Mrs. Syrett should be granted special permission to visit her father in hospital before he died.

A local magistrate actually offered to act as an escort to ensure her return to prison after visiting the hospital; an appeal was made to the Home Secretary, but all without effect.

Mr Kent died in hospital without seeing again the daughter he so dearly loved.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Flora Syrett appeared at the Buckinghamshire Quarter Sessions.

Although she had good reason to fear that she had injured her case by absconding when on bail, the jury, after careful consideration of all the facts, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," and she was promptly discharged.

Savings gone

This was the final chapter in a story of hardship and misfortune. It might be termed a happy ending but for the sorry fact that in order to establish her innocence this pathetic widow has spent the whole of her savings, amounting to over £200.

"The whole thing seems like a terrible nightmare," declares Mrs. Syrett. "I know that I should not have been so foolish as to run away when I was on bail, but I was worried almost out of my life. My mind seemed to break under the strain and I felt that I had to get away from it all."

"You can imagine how I felt, after my arrest in Bournemouth, when I was in prison and knew that my father was lying at death's door in hospital and I could not get to him even for a few minutes!"

The unfortunate sequel to this unhappy case which began with a small fire at the General Store in the village of Stewkley, Buckinghamshire, is that the widow, though fully vindicated in the eyes of the law, has been forced to endure prolonged suffering and has lost everything she had in the world.

Great anguish

Her health has broken down and she has to attend hospital at frequent intervals for treatment.

Hers is yet another tragedy that can be laid at the door of poison-pen fiends. We suggest that this case should not be allowed to end with her acquittal. No stone should be left unturned in endeavouring to trace the writers of the anonymous letters that have brought about her ruin.

What has happened to her may quite conceivably happen to other innocent people while secret defilers are allowed to go unpunished.

Pain-Makers

LOOKING out upon the world to-day one is disposed to agree with the statement made long ago that more evil is wrought by people who think they are doing right than by people who are intentionally doing wrong. It is easier to deal with the latter than the former.

The crucifixion of Jesus Christ has been called the greatest crime in history. Certainly there has never been a greater; but did the men who brought it about think they were criminals? There is no evidence that the prime movers in the plot ever thought so or were sorry for what they had done.

Judas, the betrayer, committed suicide through remorse; Pilate, the Roman Governor, who ordered the execution, confessed himself unwilling to put an innocent man to death; but the priests and the mob howling for blood displayed no such scruples, and we do not read that they ever felt regret afterwards.

What is chiefly wrong with the troubled world at the present hour is not the wickedness of gangsters who prey on society outside the law, or murderers who gratify a cold, selfish purpose by taking

the life of a fellow-creature who stands in their path, or morally depraved men or women who enjoy causing misery to others through sheer malice.

Harm on the greatest scale is the work of individuals or groups and parties who claim that they are out to secure the triumph of an ideal or a good cause.

Canon Streeter was not wide of the mark when he said that the ruthless employment of violence and cruelty was nothing new in the world, but that what was new was the loudly trumpeted assertion that to coerce men by these means was morally right and proper.

Liberty is threatened almost everywhere to-day; personality is no longer held sacred in the most advanced communities as it used to be; and the men who trample on the right of others to self-determination are called saviours and deliverers.

If they are, then bullying, smashing, and the naked appeal to mass vanity, covetousness, hatred and fear must be admirable.

In practically every case the aim succeeds because of something good at the bottom of it which is seen out of proportion. And it is the same with

Homely Wisdom by Canon

R. J. Campbell, D.D.

nearly all the suffering that human beings inflict on one another publicly or privately.

Your love for your country is good both for you and England, but it becomes bad for both if it leads you to want to injure other nations. Your love for your children is a gracious influence in their lives and your own, but if it makes you jealous of your neighbour's children it is perverted to evil use.

Home is a tender word, but it is often anything but a tender fact because its members are keener on their rights than on their duties.

You may be causing more unhappiness by lack of sympathy with the weak and erring than you compensate for by the benefits you confer in other ways.

Thoughtless and contemptuous speech causes wounds that are never forgotten. Words that stab and burn and leave a scar are wicked words, however much we try to persuade ourselves that they are justified.

There are people that go through life causing pain wherever they appear. They think they are right in making their victims unhappy. May God forgive them and open their eyes.

RECEIVED

A FEW years ago a newly appointed foreign Ambassador drove through the streets of London with thumping heart, palsied knees and every outward aspect of being on his way to execution!

He was going to Buckingham Palace to present his credentials to the King.

Faced, as he thought, with one of the biggest ordeals of his life, he muttered the prayer that it would not last too long.

Now picture the same Ambassador riding in the same coach through the same streets an hour later, with his mission accomplished. There was a smile on his face that was certainly not the smile of a man who was glad to have escaped from some great torment.

Leaning forward to address the companion who accompanied him, he said with feeling: "What a pity it's over. I expected to be overawed by a monarch, but I was greeted by a friend."

So yet another person had gone to Buckingham Palace expecting to meet a somewhat distant and aloof potentate and had found, instead, a genial, warm-hearted human being who, for all his quiet dignity, has that rarest of all qualities of being able to take the stiffness even out of an act of State.

If you were commanded to be "Received by the King" at Buckingham Palace, what do you think it would be like?

"Received by the King..." Well, scores and scores of timorous people have entered the Royal Presence in the last few weeks, in connection with the Jubilee celebrations. Many more have received Royal invitations for the next few days.

Misconceptions

Of one and all of them it will be possible to say, when the celebrations are over and His Majesty has settled down again to the hard routine of kingship: "They went nervously. They came away laughing at their fears."

They carry along with them to the Palace—like ninety-nine people out of every hundred meeting His Majesty for the first time—some of the misconceptions they had when they were children and believed that monarchs always wore crowns, sat on thrones and met their subjects only in a spirit of condescension. They are sure it is going to be an ordeal. Then, when they meet the King, they learn different.

They look into his blue eyes and see human understanding, modesty, kindness, even shyness. They listen to his warm, welcoming voice and discern a genuine interest in the everyday problems of men and women of all sorts.

Yes, he is keen to comply with formality—at first. No king was ever truer to tradition. But once the formalities are over he becomes as human as it is possible for a man to be.

And so, their last fears thawed, they leave, like that new Ambassador, telling themselves what a pity it is that "it's all over."

Some wonderful stories can be told of the King and his visitors. The keynote of them all is: "His Majesty made them at home."

No man went to Buckingham Palace more certain in his own mind that there was going to be ceremonial and sword-clanging than General Pershing, just after he had reached Europe during the war to lead the American armies in the field.

But the picture he remembers of the drawing-room in which he was received is of the King leaning on one side of a window smoking while



"They went nervously, but came away laughing at their fears"—a party of Jubilee visitors waiting to be received by the King

he leaned against the other side, puffing at one or the King's cigars.

The conversation? Just the kind that any English and American officers would have conducted, culminating in a question from the King that the general remembers as one of the most intelligent put to him during the war, as to why four or five nations should fight side by side in a world war with ammunition that wouldn't fit one another's guns.

Uneasy—at first

Another celebrity who always remembered King George as one of the most human men he ever met in his life was the late Mr. Walter Hines Page, America's famous war-time Ambassador to London. The story of two occasions of many when he was received by the King provides the explanation.

Imagine the first, with Mr. Page looking out of his hotel window with astonishment as five Royal coaches draw up at the door, with richly caparisoned grooms, and the King's Master of Ceremonies presents himself to take the Ambassador along to Buckingham Palace.

In the famous ground-floor drawing-room of the Palace Mr. Page felt very ill-at-ease, at first. There was the Foreign Secretary there, looking

almost formidable in his uniform. There was His Majesty himself, welcoming his visitor in a dignified and formal speech. It all fitted in with those coaches and grooms.

Consequently the American Ambassador felt impelled to say his few words in what he thought was the official spirit called for by the occasion.

But what was that smile of almost intimate friendship that played round the King's lips as the set speech came to an end? In a minute Mr. Page knew. From that second onwards formality was at an end. Tradition had been served. They were two people with views to exchange of great



The beautifully appointed drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. He has a

by the KING

Wonderful Stories

His Majesty's

Visitors Could Tell

interest to each other. One remark of the King, that it was surprising that a great and rich country like America should not provide its Ambassador in London with a house, which His Majesty described as not fair to the Ambassador, delighted Mr. Page because it touched on one of his own acute grievances, and stirred the American nation when the Ambassador made known the King's views in his own country.

When Mr. Page left they were talking as intimately as if they had known each other for years, but there was another surprise for him yet. Waiting for him in another room was the Queen, anxious to talk

to him about American and British affairs.

The homely note struck by their conversation can be judged from the fact that the Ambassador told the Queen that office had a habit of killing off Presidents, a statement which drew from Her Majesty the remark: "I am hoping that office will not kill the King."

That visit was a really pleasant surprise to Mr. Page. But it was nothing to subsequent receptions, when, as he said later, the King used to discuss such a wide variety of subjects with him, both grave and gay, that he never even hesitated to weigh up the various advantages of the monarchical and democratic systems.

Once when Mr. Page and his wife had been invited to Windsor the King met him with: "I've got a good story on you," an Americanism which, coming from the King, puzzled him at first.

And then he found it was an introduction to a joke the King had to tell him.

It was of a British soldier and an American visitor who met in a train. The American was reading a newspaper account of a battle with every sign of being tremendously thrilled. Then, looking up at the Tommy, he said cryptically: "Some fight."

The British soldier, who had his own views about when America should have come into the war, stared back stonily. And "Some don't," he replied.

The King waited for the laugh—in vain. And Mr. Page always admitted that most of His Majesty's jokes fully merited a good laugh. But much against his will, the Amba-

sador had to admit that he had heard it before—that the story was old. "So that it's one up on me," was the King's rueful comment.

A more recent visitor to Buckingham Palace was the Emir of Katsina, the impressive Nigerian potentate with ceremonial umbrellas and a wonderful reputation for enlightened government.

What would the King want to discuss . . . the Emir's 700,000 subjects, his country, his religion, or what? The Emir admitted afterwards that this question worried him.

But he was amazed to find that the King knew almost as much about his tribes and his chiefs, the customs and other features about the country, as he did himself—apart, of course, from recent developments, of which His Majesty wanted full particulars.

And in the end there were the greatest monarch in the West and the picturesque potentate from the East comparing their hobbies, and finding out, from their own personal experiences, that the most widely differing races have much common ground—in their own hearts.

His Majesty has a wonderful gift of setting at their ease distinguished visitors from abroad. But it is not confined to them alone, as hundreds of British visitors to Buckingham Palace can testify.

The Privy Council summoned to hear the King give his consent to the wedding between his daughter and Lord Lascelles could tell a wonderful story of their meeting.

Bodkin joke

A certain amount of formality had to be followed, of course. A special Order of Consent had had to be drawn up. There were things to say and to sign. But that over, the members of the Council saw not a King, but a proud father talking of what he intended to do in the interests of his only beloved daughter. He told them he was speaking as a father. He described his pride at being able to say that his future son-in-law was not only an Englishman, but a fine type of Englishman, with a distinguished record as a soldier at that.

Last of all, the King wanted to know what inconveniences members of the Council had suffered in going along to hear this, and thanked them for laying aside their other duties. It was all just what any proud father would say in such circumstances.

People with widely differing careers find themselves "Received by the King"—and in widely different circumstances.

There was the official who was summoned to tell the King about a bodkin—the bodkin that is used to prick the names of the Sheriffs for their annual election. Somebody had told His Majesty that the instrument was many hundreds of years old, but the King said it couldn't have existed before 1780. He had found out for himself at the British Museum.

His Majesty often jokes about that bodkin. He has told visitors it is a relic of the days when his ancestors could neither read nor write!

Then there are retiring servants

of the Royal Household commanded to receive the congratulations and good wishes of the King. A recent one was a coachman.

Mr. Walter Elliot, the Minister of Agriculture, not long ago found himself "received" in circumstances a little out of the ordinary. The King wants Sandringham to produce flax as good as that grown in any other place in the world, and he sought the Minister's advice first hand.

Foreign royalties, Dukes and Duchesses, an old shipmate of the King in H.M.S. *Thrush* in 1889, a Salvation Army bandmaster who could tell His Majesty the occupations and other personal details about bandmen who played under his window one lunch-time, ex-Ministers, Conservative, Socialist and Liberal alike, there is no limit to the range of those who are received by the King.

In Queen Victoria's time there was an unofficial rule that working actresses should not enter Buckingham Palace.

Not only have our present Royal Family altered all that, but they have received them both at the Palace and at theatres which they have attended.

He knows

None of his visitors are more interesting to the King than the soldiers and sailors, doctors, Civil Servants, and others who have been invited to his presence on returning from posts abroad.

His Majesty has always believed in gleaning as much news about his Empire as he can first hand from people on the spot, and it is from these people that he gets amplification of the official messages as to how plagues are being handled, death-dealing bacteria hunted down, problems of government solved, peace kept between people of widely differing creeds and beliefs, and so on.

They are his unofficial couriers. He likes to meet them in his library, where he can get down any book that is necessary to enable him to follow his visitors more closely and intelligently. Due to the fact that he has met as many of them as he can throughout his reign, and has a prodigious memory in which he retains what they tell him, he has become the King who knows his Empire more intimately and in greater detail than any of his predecessors.

The statement that he likes to meet these visitors in the library does not mean that the King has any one or two particular rooms for meeting guests.

In fact, an enquiry at Buckingham Palace as to where visitors were received elicited the reply that the King meets people in whatever room is best suited to the visitor and the occasion. A further enquiry as to what formality is followed was answered with the information that there is no set formality for reception.

Happy privilege

And true it is. Like any private host, the King reserves the right to entertain where and how he likes, although, delighting as he does in honouring old customs, he sees that custom is duly served.

"Received by the King . . ." In what strange circumstances have some people found themselves talking to His Majesty.

And what a happy privilege it is. Hosts of people who have gone to Buckingham Palace in the past have discovered that to be "Received by the King" is anything but an ordeal. And many more are making the discovery for the first time during the present Jubilee receptions.



the King receives many of his visitors
gift of swiftly setting them at ease



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when I use

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The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them daily with
**Cherry Blossom
Boot Polish**
and notice the
difference!

CB.50.22.

I DIDN'T feel very hopeful when I asked Mary's father for permission to marry her. He was one of the biggest manufacturers in the district; I was merely a hard-up young man who worked in his offices as a quite unimportant clerk.

Mary had warned me with a laugh of what always happened in books to presumptuous young fellows who courted their employer's daughter, though Wilson was so easy-going that I could not imagine him kicking me down the stairs—nor would he have found it easy.

What actually happened led to the strangest experience of my life. I was shown into Wilson's study that eventful Saturday afternoon when I called at his pleasant, old-fashioned house. My employer was sitting before an untidy desk—a plump, good-humoured man whose greying hair, really grey moustache and broad forehead gave him an air of distinction.

He looked up from his newspaper and nodded. "Judging from your Sunday best," he remarked genially, "you've come to take Mary out. You'll find her about somewhere."

The words not only put me at my ease, but gave me an inspiration. "I'm afraid, sir," I said, "that I've come to ask if I may take her away for good," and added a lot more to the same effect.



He said nothing for a while, but picked up a pencil and began turning it round and round. Then, quietly and kindly, he reminded me that I had been in his office for only six months and had known Mary for even less, that what we thought was love might be but a passing infatuation, that we were both very young.

"I'm twenty-two," I told him proudly, "just a week older than Mary."

Ignoring the interruption, he went on to suggest that she and I should see little of each other for the next few months. If our feelings did not change in that time the matter could be discussed again. "Is that a bargain?" he asked with a smile.

"No, sir," I answered.

"For a boy of twenty-two you seem very sure of yourself."

"I'm sorry," I said defiantly, "but I just can't shun Mary. And I know she'll feel the same as I do."

He got up and paced the room. "Listen, Frank. I suppose you will think me a snob, but I've always planned a good match for Mary."

He had given her everything she wanted without spoiling her, had boasted to his friends of the brilliant match she would make, and couldn't face the prospect of her marrying one of his own clerks. With the same candour he admitted that he had tried to induce her to see less of me, for people were beginning to talk, and he put it so nicely that I didn't know what to say.



Fortunately, perhaps, there was a knock at the door—a letter had come for him by the afternoon post. It seemed to be brief, for he read it quickly, but I noticed that he read it again with a worried look. Suddenly he chuckled, put the letter in his pocket and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Don't look so miserable," he said. "If you and Mary are so set on each other we might find a way of saving my face."

With that he went out. I guessed he

I found Mary at the foot of the stairs and blurted out what I had heard. I can still see her look of incredulous horror



few days passed like a flash. At the party which Wilson gave to celebrate the engagement I found that the guests already knew the

story about my fictitious parent, one lady remarking that it was a pity he was in America on a business trip and so could not be present.

Think of me what you will, I must confess that my embarrassment soon wore off.

Indeed, I almost deluded myself that the yarn was true, while the mingled respect and envy of my fellow-clerks flattered me agreeably.

Mary was even more delighted than myself when her father announced that he would take me into partnership. The difficulty was that Brewster, his sleeping partner, insisted on my share of the business being paid for outright.

However, Wilson agreed to put down the money himself, for he expected a big profit on his share dealings during the next month, and I could pay him back over a period of years.



Next day I was summoned to his private office to meet Brewster. He was a bent old man with a perpetual bad temper, who because of ill-health came but rarely to the works. From the way he eyed me I might have been a hardened criminal facing a judge, but though the figure he named for my share of the business appalled me I scraped through the interview pretty well.

So I thought, anyway.

But within a week disaster came.

Wilson, having caught a chill, was away when Brewster reappeared. He turned me out of the private office, where I had been working lately, gave orders that he was not to be disturbed, and shut himself up. Hours went by before a scared boy told me I was wanted.

The old man, fidgeting in his chair with rage, hardly waited for me to enter the room. "You lying rogue," he shouted, "I've caught you out! I had my suspicions from the start."

Shaking his lean fist at me, he continued, "That supposed rich father—yours who's in the States on business—I've just talked to him on the 'phone. He's in London and doesn't know you from Adam!"

I felt the blood rush to my face. Try-

(Continued on page 23)

I Live a LIE for LOVE

had gone to talk with Mary, and it seemed hours before he returned with an idea that made me feel I was standing on my head.

Briefly, he said Mary had convinced him that we couldn't be happy apart. But, to save him from the banter of acquaintances, he proposed to pass me off as the son of some well-to-do man and explain that I had been working in his office as a clerk to gain experience.

"Your name is a common one," he pointed out. "There must be plenty of business men of that name in London. As you're an orphan, what harm can it do? I know I'm a snob, but I prefer a fib to losing my pride."

So it was arranged. Maybe it was a crass idea, but to a young man very much in love it was easy enough to swallow. Nor did Mary, though she laughed at her father's vanity, see much wrong in the pose.

My happiness was such that the next

How to keep husbands at home



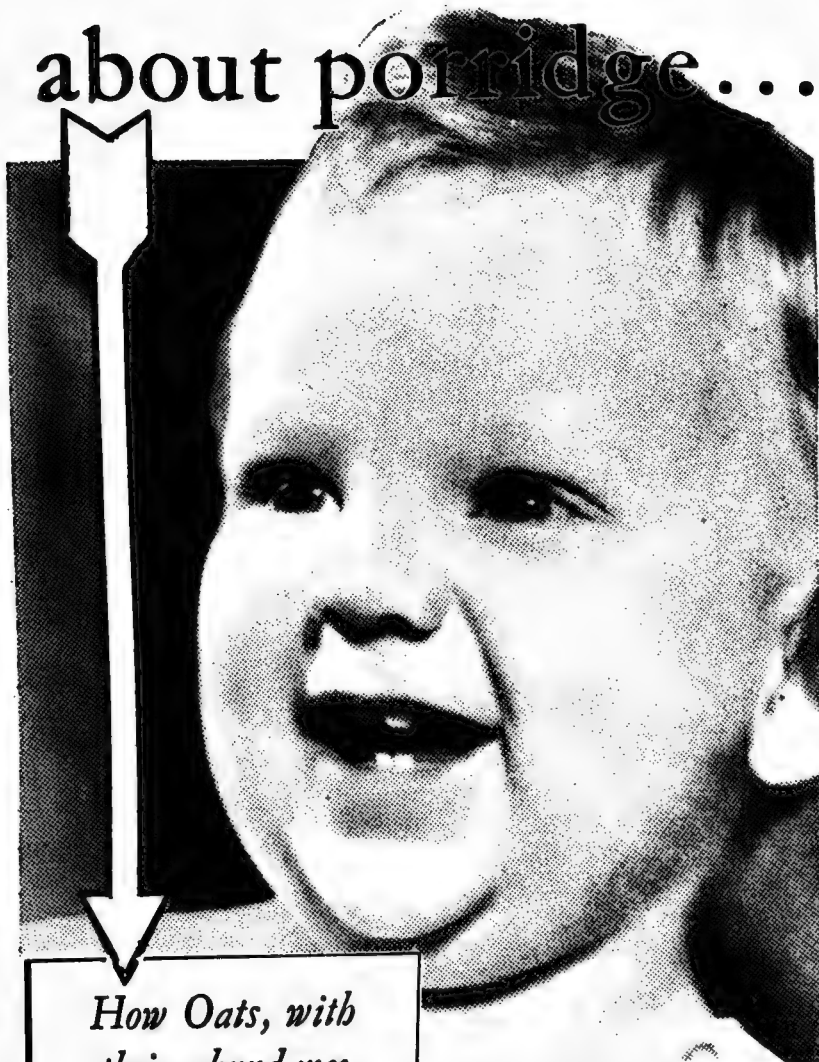
Women of all ages have to face the fact that their complexions are their most precious possessions. Too often, though, these complexions don't get a proper chance; deprived of the stimulating effect of fresh country breezes, the skin becomes "tired" and the complexion lifeless. Knight's Castile is specially made for the face. It supplies just that reviving and refreshing effect which town air cannot provide. For the price of a tablet—only fourpence—you get a complete beauty treatment. Buy a tablet to-day—your complexion will appreciate it.

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I LIVE a LIE for LOVE—Continued from page 26

EXPOSURE— and the CRASH

ing to think quickly, I could only stammer something about a mistake.

Wilson and I had certainly made a mistake in trying to cheat him, he stormed, and mentioned the name of a big shipper whom Wilson had apparently alleged to be my father. I realised then that Wilson had made a fool of himself and an even bigger fool of me. But to Brewster's jeers I refused to answer, and in the end he took me off with him to Wilson's house—the most wretched journey I had ever made or thought possible.

We found Mary's father, now somewhat recovered, reading the financial papers. His face paled as we entered.

"You crazy gambler," Brewster began, "I've warned you for years that your speculations would ruin you. And, by heaven, you're a thief as well! I've been over the books, and I don't need an auditor to tell me what's wrong with them."

His voice had lost its high-pitched note of fury, but his face was a curious mottled colour and he was trembling violently. I felt sick and dazed as he went on, talking down his partner's protests, and soon it was made plain why Wilson had so abruptly changed his mind that Saturday afternoon and accepted me as Mary's fiancé.

The letter he read had come from Brewster, threatening to call in the auditors because of the muddled state of the firm's books. And it seemed that Wilson had replied that things would be all right if I joined the firm and put in fresh capital.

Suddenly Wilson turned to me. "This man has gone mad, Frank. I don't think you need stay—I'll explain later."

"Yes," said Brewster furiously. "And you'll have to explain it to a judge and jury."

I was glad to go. Sick at heart, I

closed the door behind me and, leaning against an old chest in the corridor, tried to find one shaft of hope in the events which had so swiftly entangled me.

But the happiness of the past few days seemed suddenly remote. I had dreamed of a smart home for Mary; imagined her, finely gowned, charming our guests; planned to devote all my energy and ideas to the business in which I was to be a partner. . . .

Now I cursed myself as a young fool, while the future seemed to promise a worse catastrophe. In my ignorance of the law, I pictured myself standing side by side with Wilson in the dock.

I found Mary at the foot of the stairs and blurted out what I had heard. I can still see her look of incredulous horror, and if I have said little about her it is because I still hate to think of her being involved in that cruel, tragic affair.

Brewster went at last, and I made Mary wait while I went upstairs to settle my own quarrel with her father, who was standing before the fireplace, pale and obviously greatly agitated.

"Now, Frank," he said at once, "don't you start. I've had enough of that madman. Be a good fellow and keep quiet for a minute or two." He threw away his unfinished cigarette. "I want a breathing space—I'm a great believer in breathing spaces, as you know."

He began pacing nervously up and down, passing his hand continuously across his forehead.

I don't remember saying a word. My anger had yielded to a burst of pity for this man who seemed to have grown old in the space of a few minutes.

As if in answer to my thoughts, he went on: "I've worked hard for Mary, and I'm going to fight to the last ditch

to prevent that work being wasted, may go down—"

He stopped, put one hand on the mantelpiece to steady himself and the other wiped his brow.

I can still see, in my mind's eye, the well-furnished room, with the soft evening sunlight turning the mirrors to reddish gold, and the rather pathetic figure of my host propped against the fireplace.

Once more he looked at me and spoke. "Got a headache," he murmured, "must take some aspirins."

Then, suddenly, he gave a gasp and began to sway.

Though I rushed forward I wasn't time to catch him as he fell; though I tried to revive him I think I realised at once that it was useless.

The doctor who came was an old friend of the family, and I told him frankly that Wilson had been upset by a quarrel.

He gave me a glance and nodded understandingly. "Heart failure, evidently," was his quiet comment.

Thus the folly in which I had shared came to a tragic end, and you wonder why Mary and I, now settling humbly in another part of the county, never visit the town where I was encouraged to build such rosy but flimsy hopes.

STREET OF MISFORTUNE

EVERYBODY has heard of a street where everything goes wrong, where all life is awry, where difficulties and problems seem to be inescapable.

Queer Street is its name. The people in Queer Street are the world's most unfortunate lot. Go where you will, you cannot escape hearing of their plight from their own lips.

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They are all to be found in Queer Street, the street of misfortune which you will not find in any directory.

Causes beyond your control can bring you to Queer Street. One nearly died in the case of a Yorkshire family. A spark—a fire—and all their furniture and treasured possessions had gone. And they had only bought them three years before.

* * *

Well, we were able to give them the help that has made all the difference to their lives.

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SCOTTISH RAILWAY

"The Greatest of These—"

A Dinner Next Sunday?

WE appeal this week for a hard working mother of a family of six children, who has been known to us for some time as being in very real and genuine distress.

Her husband, an old soldier, has been incapacitated for any kind of work for some years. He suffers from chronic bronchitis, heart trouble, and has now gone totally blind.

Her eldest daughter, aged sixteen, has been discharged from hospital as incurable. She is a cripple and has a tumour on the brain. There are also four boys, aged thirteen, eleven, nine and seven years, and a little girl aged four years.

Her husband receives 14s. a week blind pension, and she works in a laundry earning 25s. a week.

At present she is suffering from over-work and overworry, and is on the sick list, as, in addition to her hard work, she has to look after her husband and the invalid daughter.

In her own words, her bitter cry is: "My life is very hard. I have always tried to make ends meet, and no woman works harder than I do. I am nearly driven to despair. It is for my children I ask, as I don't know where their dinner will come from on Sunday."

Neither does she know from week to week how her rent of 10s. 8d. is to be



Their grateful parents thank our readers: Tilly (above) and Anthony

met. In the past, when her husband was able to work, his character was that of a hard working and thoroughly reliable man, who could be recommended for a position of trust, whilst she is described as "honest, hard-working and willing."

Her children have never been photographed, but as Florrie is the name of her invalid daughter, we ask our readers who are touched with the infirmities of such a family, to send donations earmarked "Florrie."

Tilly's father, who was helped by our readers, writes: "I wish to thank you, your paper, and the readers who helped me in my great trouble. I am grateful and thankful for the way your readers responded to the appeal, and my wife and child have been made ever so much happier. (Tilly has now a baby sister.)"

Anthony's mother also wishes to thank those who sent donations earmarked "Anthony." "I am more than delighted," she says, "to get on my feet again, and really I feel so happy."

Donations earmarked "Florrie," or for our general fund, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR
TIME AND MONEY THIS
YEAR IN THE
ISLE OF MAN

IT is surprising how pessimistic some people like to be. The world to them is a very drab place in which to live. It would not matter so much if they kept their fears and fancies to themselves. But they take a pleasure in infecting other folk with the same gloomy outlook.

And in the process they create endless pain and misery. Think what this man is suffering through the work of a couple of Job's comforters. His letter reads:

"My mother is sixty-four years of age and has always suffered from stomach trouble. About a year ago she had a bad attack, accompanied by sickness. Now she has had another spasm, and the doctor says the trouble is acute dyspepsia. He thinks that when she gets a little better she should go to the hospital to be examined.

"Two of our neighbours have said to me that they think it is cancer. This has worried me a great deal, as I know it is a complaint that is nearly always fatal. Is there any cure for this malady? Can you give me any words of cheer and advice? I do pray that you can say something that will give me hope."

First of all, let me deal with these two neighbours. How can they possibly know the nature of this woman's complaint? And if they don't know, why should they say such a wicked thing?

Scaremongering of this kind should be made a criminal offence. It is against the law to rob a man of his goods. It is surely just as bad to rob him of his peace of mind.

I advise my correspondent to ignore the vapourings of those two busybodies. His doctor says that his mother is suffering from "acute dyspepsia." I think he would have told him if he suspected more serious trouble.

His word is far more to be relied upon than those who have no medical knowledge. His experience and qualifications should help him to give a correct diagnosis. And that further examination at the hospital should serve to confirm his statements.

Let me relieve my correspondent's mind on another point. I do not wish to minimise the curse of cancer. But it is a complaint that is not so black as is often painted. There are thousands of people who have been completely cured of this disease. Surgery and radium have worked wonders during the last few years.

THIS is the testimony of a famous doctor: "Cancer can be cured, especially when it can be treated in its early stages." Let my correspondent take note of this fact. Let him also remember that other sound advice: "Don't worry—it may never happen."

If only people would be careful with their tongues a vast amount of trouble would be avoided. Here is another case where a woman is suffering mental agony and all because of what someone has said. Here is her letter:

"I should be so grateful if you could set my mind at rest. Ever since my boy was born ten years ago my health has not been good. I have had two operations and a specialist in Birmingham wants me to go into the Cottage Hospital here and have another minor one.

"What worries me is this: Some months ago one of my friends went to a fortune-teller, and she was told that 'someone she knew was going to have an operation and would pass out on the operating table. And it was said that it would be better for that one not to undergo it.'

"Now that this friend knows I have to go into hospital she says it wasn't me, but must have referred to an aunt who died recently as the result of a motor accident.

"I always felt brave before, but now I feel simply dreadful. I do not like to worry my husband, as he is so good. I told him in the first place, but he doesn't know I keep fretting about it. I do hope you can give me a little comfort."

Now there could be little room for complaint if fortune-tellers would confine their predictions to the harmless

Why the DOCTOR Called

and the pleasant. It is when they foretell all manner of evils that they tread on highly dangerous ground.

Take this woman. A minor operation has assumed the proportions of a major one because her mind is distressed with anxious fears. And what has made her so terrified? Simply this—the fortune-teller told her friend that someone she knows is going to "pass out on the operating table."

Someone she knows—that might mean one of a hundred or possibly a thousand. A tradesman, a nodding acquaintance, a person she hasn't seen for years. That is my criticism of the average fortune-teller. They leave so many of their forecasts in the air. They know that if they fire a good many shots one may possibly hit the target.

If I were my correspondent I would treat that statement with complete indifference. To help her to do so, let me mention two things. In the first place, no surgeon would advise an operation if he thought the patient could not stand the strain.

And, secondly, a fatality on the operating table is a very rare occurrence. I should say the odds are at least ten thousand to one. I hope this reader will recapture the courage that carried her through her earlier ordeals. If the specialist has assured her that she will improve in health by having this minor operation she should place full confidence in his skill and judgment.

IN submitting his problem my next correspondent asks two questions:

"I am a married man, and thirteen months ago my wife had twins—one of which has since died. Her confinement, unfortunately, brought on that terrible disease of tuberculosis. Doctors state that the trouble was perhaps hereditary and therefore probably already there, but brought to the surface through motherhood. She has been in a sanatorium for six months, but is still poorly.

"My wife has a sister, aged seventeen, and as both parents are dead she lives with an aunt. This girl has, to my mind, tendencies of the same disease, and I very delicately expressed my opinions to her aunt, in the hope of immediate treatment, but she was most annoyed.

"However, the girl's employer noticed

her failing health and advised her to go to her panel doctor, who told her that she has only anaemia. But as I know the symptoms I am convinced he is wrong. "Now my brother comes into the picture. He is thirty years of age and some time ago I discovered that he was very interested in this girl, taking her to the pictures and to other places of amusement. Now I understand he has written a letter in which he confesses his love for her.

"Thus my problems are:

"1. Is it my duty to persuade her aunt to insist upon a thorough medical examination? How can I stand by knowing the truth could be revealed the girl might be saved?

"2. What should be my attitude to my brother's affection for her? I know, of course, of the illness in the family and my wife's stay in the sanatorium."

Now let me deal with these two questions. I am at a loss to understand that aunt's annoyance. Knowing that there is consumption in the family she should have made absolutely sure that this girl is immune

especially as her health is not too good. It ought not to have been left to the employer to send her to the panel doctor. This medical man says the trouble is anaemia. I have no reason to doubt the verdict. Two opinions, however, are always better than one.

I think the same course should be followed as in the first letter I quoted. Let this girl attend a hospital and be examined by a chest specialist. If the panel doctor's diagnosis is confirmed, my correspondent's fears are unfounded.

If, unfortunately, there should be trouble, then, as he rightly says, immediate treatment can be given. I hope that aunt will read these words and agree with the wisdom of this proposal. This action may also help to solve the second question. If the girl has no signs of this complaint, my correspondent should not attempt to interfere in his brother's love affairs.

Though there is a big difference in their ages, the man is thirty years of age and therefore old enough to know his own mind. My correspondent might even take it as a compliment that his brother wants to marry into the same family.

The Reign of Wings

Hannen Swaffer, who is thrilling to many thousands of admirers with his sparkling and provocative review "On the Reign—When the World Changed" which is now appearing in *The Passing Show*, contributes another brilliant chapter in this week's issue—"Practice with Wings."

In it he discusses the disappointments, failures and tragedies of living in a birth to the reliability and astounding achievements of to-day. Get your copy of *The Passing Show* as soon as you can. On sale everywhere to-morrow (Friday) price twopence.

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by
PHILIP INMAN

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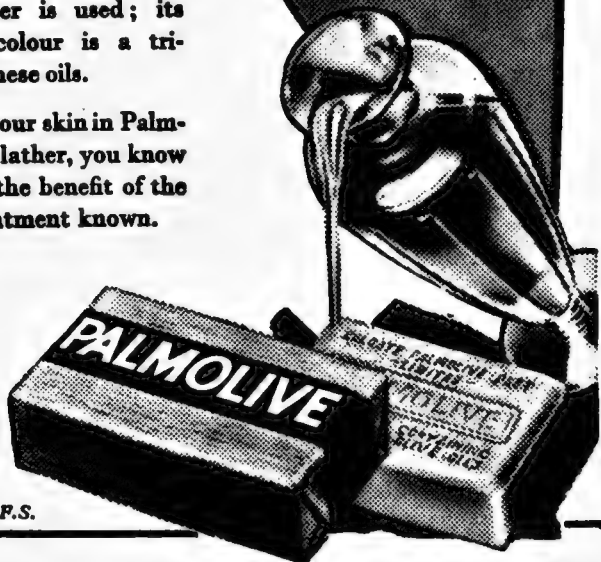
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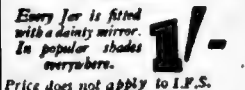
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WITH devastating suddenness, one of the most mysterious and the most ruinous of all cattle scourges has broken out again in this country. A large part of the county of Dorset is under the "foot and mouth" ban. An ancient and prosperous market town closed down its sales on the day they opened. "Stand still" orders of the Ministry of Agriculture were posted everywhere, and more than 2,000 cattle were immediately and compulsorily slaughtered because they had stood in the same market place with two little calves which were known to have come from an infected farm.

As usual, certain sections of the daily Press have squeezed the last drop of sensation from the occurrence. They have talked about "burning pyres" of cattle, the vast sums paid by the Ministry in compensation, and inferred that in "foot and mouth" disease the cattle owners of this country are faced with an ever-strengthening and unbeatable menace.

The truth is almost the reverse. Great Britain alone of the principal European countries has succeeded in almost stamping out this fell disease. During the past two years for which figures are given—1933 and 1934—Great Britain had 66 outbreaks. But in the same period France had 27,386 separate outbreaks, Belgium 29,767, and Holland 47,829!

Compared with these losses (remember that each outbreak means the sacrifice on an average of 10 animals) the damage inflicted in Britain is a mere flea-bite. Compensation here costs about £70,000 a year. In those countries abroad it runs into many millions.

We owe our fortunate position to the amazing efficiency and vigilance of a very small group of men, the veterinary officers who work under a Special Division of the Ministry of Agriculture. They are backed by some strong and far-reaching legislation, and in these days of administrative "bloomers" it is pleasant to record one department which has such spectacular successes to its credit.

There are roughly 100 of them, and aided by the "vets" appointed by the local authorities, they are a kind of C.I.D. waging ceaseless war against an insidious and almost invisible criminal—the virus of "foot and mouth" disease. This mere handful of men guard £13½ millions worth of animals, the value of the meat and milk beasts in Britain's agricultural industry. And they guard it well.

The first line of defence against this dire cattle scourge are the British ports, particularly those which give access to the Continental countries where the disease is practically a constant factor. At all these ports there is a "vet" inspector on perpetual duty.

ONE by one these officers have closed most of the loopholes through which "foot and mouth" reaches this country. They are armed with a formidable set of regulations, and they are there to see that they are carried out to the letter.

First of all, no live cattle may be imported here from any of those countries, and in 1926 the door was closed against carcasses as well. That was a blow to the cheap meat importers, but it was a necessary move.

This last measure came into being through a masterpiece of detective work on the part of one of the Ministry's inspectors. He traced a severe outbreak among Scottish cattle to a shipload of pork which had arrived at a North Country port from the Continent.

Only one or two of the pigs in that cargo had had the disease, but one of those sides of pork had found its way into Scotland to the area where the disease subsequently broke out. That was enough. And it sealed the doom of the fresh pork trade from the Continent.

Every ship which comes from these foreign ports is watched. No ship may bring any cattle, sheep, goats or pigs into a British port from those countries, even if they are only intended for the ship's larder. Recently a British vessel which came here from Antwerp stopped at a North Country port. The ship carried a native crew and, as is the custom, some sheep had been bought for the crew in Belgium and killed on board for fresh meat, while the ship was en route here.



Dread Animal Scourge

—THE BOTTOM
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A BOGEY

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obeyed. No importer knows when inspector may descend upon him. there is any evasion, a ruthless punishment is immediately instituted.

The special Division takes chances and no animal or grown products which may carry the disease from Central countries is overlooked. Esparto grass and similar materials for papermakers only be imported under special licence. Hogs' hair for brush makers must be sterilised and disinfected before it may be landed. Certain pork delicacies for the table may be landed but they must be packed in watertight barrels which have been infected with carbolic acid.

Inside this country the machine detection set up by the Ministry speedily and ruthlessly carried out, the farmer must notify the police immediately he even suspects the disease. He must isolate the sick animal. Any delay on his own shoulders. The law pressures him to have knowledge of the disease. An excuse for delay is seldom accepted.

In a proven case the farmer is excused, fined, and all compensation for destroyed animals is withheld.

Immediate destruction of all co
animals and isolation of the area
Ministry's policy. The ruthles
this action has been much critic
it has worked.

A British farmer whose cattle affected has little enough to complain about. The Ministry, in effect, will sorrowfully acquire the beasts from him that they can destroy them, and will pay their full worth according to a side valuation. If any criticism is made here, it is that the Acts do not include the payment of " consequential losses." A dairy farmer, for instance, loses trade when his beasts are destroyed before he can get others ready to go on supplies.

WORSE still, however, is the case of farm employees who are thrown out of work by an outbreak of "foot and mouth." Often, the first thing a farmer does after an outbreak has been diagnosed is to sack his drovers and herdsmen and stand them off till the farm is restored to health. He gets a fat sum in compensation, but they get nothing—and the sack. That is an injustice which should be removed.

The next time, then, that you hear lines about "burning piles" of beasts, do not be unduly horrified and anxious. Remember that there are great countries which are hundreds of times worse off than ourselves. Soon, too, Britain may lead the way in the final extinction of this disease, as we have done with measures for limiting it. A Royal Commission has been working for years to find a vaccine which will give immunity to cattle against "foot and mouth."

The "vet." omcer wanted to see everything which had been in contact with the animals, the pens, halters, feeding vessels, etc. He found that some dung-stained wood had been thrown ashore in the British port together with some scrap of deck timber. For that apparently trivial act the ship's captain was heavily fined.

These extreme measures are adopted because our "vet" officers know full well what they are up against.

Of all diseases known to man or beast "foot and mouth" is the most insidious and the most rapidly and easily spread. It is possible for a man to stand in a Cornish market within breathing distance of infected animals and then, going to a Newcastle market the next day, spread the disease there. He need not have been in actual contact with the animals. His clothes and boots will carry the infection.

With a disease such as this and with Britain's proximity to countries where it rages, the iron wall built round these islands by the Ministry's inspectors is abundantly justified. They have, of course, a terrific task. Because of ease with which the disease virus can be carried, their vigilance must extend to other vehicles besides animals and meat which may come from prohibited ports.

EVEN the packings in which Dutch bulbs arrive in this country are watched, and hay and straw packings in which glassware and other goods come from France and Belgium. The "vets." have proved that the virus has got into this country by these means. They have regulations which now say that such materials must not be brought into contact with animals, and must be destroyed as soon as goods are emptied from the cases.

Ministry officials from time to time track such packings to the consignees to observe whether regulations are

MISERY *starts in* MAY..

for the unconditioned dog



DON'T LET YOUR NEGLECT BRING THE TORTURES OF CONTINUAL SCRATCHING TO YOUR DOG THIS SUMMER



THIS is the time when blood disorders begin to affect the unconditioned dog. Because there are no pores in a dog's skin he cannot perspire away the food impurities that are ever-present in his blood. And with the coming of the warmer weather, these impurities are aggravated until they cause acute irritation under the skin. To get relief a dog scratches continuously, and soon bare patches on his skin begin to show.

The only way to save your dog this misery in summer is to ensure blood-purity for him. Provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders - the blood corrective for every dog. Then he will never scratch. By conditioning him with Bob Martin's at morning, noon and night every Saturday and Sunday, you will give him a new fitness. Bob Martin's Condition Powders purify the blood and so prevent all common blood disorders such as continual scratching, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, loose coat, eczema and eczema-gout.



BOB MARTIN'S

TASTELESS

CONDITION POWDERS

6d. packets of 9 powders 1/- boxes of 24 powders

Phensic

BRAND TABLETS

will cure your RHEUMATISM
without endangering
YOUR HEART

Phensic is used by Doctors, Nurses and Hospitals throughout the country.
QUICKEST, SAFEST for ALL NERVE & RHEUMATIC PAINS
Sold Everywhere 3d., 6d., 1/3, 1/- and 3/-

GRAVES

Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for **GRAVES DISPLAY** of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

ELSTREE Fine quality All Wool Sergeotte is the material chosen for this fashionable coat which has the newest style cape and stand-up collar. The garment is beautifully tailored with smartly shaped sleeves, large revers, and attractively designed lack. The cape is trimmed with spot embroidery of a contrasting shade. Lined through with plain silk. Marine Green, Fawn, Brown, Navy & Black. Sizes S.S.W. to O.S. Busts 32 to 36 in. Lengths 44 to 50 in. Price 39/11 Terms 5/6 Monthly

WRITE FOR PATTERNS Send to-day for full range of Patterns. Post Free. Costumes, Coats, Fur, Undersuits, Robes, Frocks, etc., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self-measurement form and all particulars will be sent to you per return of post.



5/6 Monthly

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Yet... it costs only 8d. an ounce. No tobacco could satisfy more, nor be so downright dependable *all the time*!

Afrikander

MIXTURE

8^D AN OZ

Flake or Shag

Mixture, Flake and Shag are available in 1-oz. packets 4d.

"IT SAVES AND SATISFIES"

Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co. Ltd.

Is Your Smile a Pleasant Memory?

Quicker Way to Make Dull, Stained Teeth Shades Whiter.

Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. A half-inch on a DRY brush morning and night will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look shades whiter - whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which cause stain, tartar and decay. It cleans every tooth surface, banishing yellow streaks and stain. Thus your teeth are cleaned perfectly - right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury.



-AND HOW CLEAN AND FRESH THE MOUTH REALLY FEELS AFTER USING KOLYNOS

TRIAL SIZE 6^p 1/6 SIZE NOW!

NEW LARGE SIZE 1/9
Ask your Chemist for particulars of HANDSOME BATHROOM FITTING FREE

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

**"It's twice the
fun now I've
got my Rudge"**



**RUDGE
WHITWORTH**
THE PEDIGREE BICYCLE

**SAVE MONEY and make
better cigarettes with**



Nowhere to LAY their HEAD..

IT was the stories I had heard of the hardships endured by people who, like "the Son of Man," have nowhere to lay their heads, and, lacking money to pay for a night's lodging, have to sleep on the Embankment, that sent me at midnight to see for myself.

It was a bitter night in the winter of 1929. They were shivering so with cold, that when we took them to a coffee stall many of them dropped their cups of tea from their stiff, shaking hands.

What I saw on that night made me realise that here was work which needed doing. So I set about doing it.

At first I used to go round and give a small silver coin to everyone I found sleeping on the benches. That's where the name "Silver Lady" came from. Later I would collect them together, take them to a coffee stall and buy them a hot drink and something to eat.

By the time I had gathered them together, taken them to the nearest coffee stall, ordered their food and paid the bill, it was a lengthy business. Besides, I decided that if I had a stall of my own there would be more money with which to buy food for more people.

Celebrations

In those first days I would spend £1 or perhaps £2 every night I went out. Since then the work has grown to such an extent that I never could have carried on if it had not been for donations given by generous and sympathetic outsiders. Now we spend about £25 a week ordinarily, with more, of course, on festive occasions like Easter and Christmas.

The stall is run by a fund, and we are always grateful for subscriptions like the legacy left to me recently, which I have only heard about through the newspapers, but have not seen yet.

We make a special point of "celebrating" the festive seasons with these homeless people. We find they value these happy memories and have a sort of feeling of home for the café which is quite surprising.

For instance, months afterwards, we found one old man still had, carefully preserved, the paper serviette given him with his Christmas dinner. These people have no home, no means of keeping anything, yet somehow he had contrived to keep it intact.

Birthday party

That is why we made a special effort to give them the Jubilee Dinner they had last Wednesday. Everybody who sat down had a menu printed on a silver card.

The dinner was
Roast Beef
Potatoes Green Vegetables
Jubilee Pudding
Tea

and there was a concert afterwards, followed by another cup of tea and biscuits.

Once we had a boy who had his twenty-first birthday while he was living on the Embankment. That night we all had a birthday party with a four-tier birthday cake, iced, and with a key on the top. The key of the street!

On ordinary nights the fare is plain but wholesome. As wayfarers come to the stall they get a ticket from my



MY HOMELESS FAMILY

by "The
Silver Lady"

(Miss Betty Baxter, the Good Fairy of the Embankment, London's famous night haunt of the homeless, whose identity was revealed the other day through a legacy left by an admirer)

secretary. Then they queue up. Generally there are about 300, but sometimes in the summer we have had as many as 700.

The first time past the stall they are given a half-pint mug of tea, two large slices of bread-and-dripping and a cigarette. We find they like bread-and-dripping best. At one time we tried giving them savelloys and at another corned beef. But they asked for the bread-and-dripping again.

When they have eaten the first ration they queue up again. The second time round they get a large slice of cake with sugar icing and coconut and another mug of tea. They eat it as they stand round.

As they stand about they tell us their troubles. When we can we help them. If they want clothes and we have what they want, we give them a ticket and they call at my office the next day.

Dickensian

We take the stall out twice a week, on Tuesday and Thursday. On those nights we also give out "bed tickets" to as many as we can. These entitle them to a bed in a lodging house and breakfast.

We are able to help some of the people who come to us and put them on their feet again. One of the most interesting cases we have had was a young boy of 16—a cripple.

He came to us one night looking for all the world like a character out of Dickens—very small, with a pair of men's trousers hitched up round his waist with a piece of rope, a jacket that came half-way down his legs, and a stick. We christened him Tiny Tim.

He told us he belonged to caravan people—not gypsies. His father and mother had always had a grudge against him, and one morning he woke in Hertfordshire to find the caravan gone. He began to wander along the country road until a passing lorry gave him a lift.

The driver advised him to come to London, and he drifted to us. He was a bright, intelligent lad, with a very nice little face, but had had no schooling and could neither read nor write.

We gave him some food and told him to call at the office next day. He managed to find his way, though he had never been in London before. When, in trying to direct him, we asked him if he knew St. Paul's, he said: "Oh! you mean the church in the town," which, of

Here is the "Silver Lady" (in the foreground) distributing food on the Embankment

course, amused us very much. We fitted him out with some clothes and after a few days were able to get him into a home where boys are trained. The authorities made enquiries and found out that he told us was true.

They said he was a very promising boy and would get on well. He is now being educated and will be trained to earn his living. So perhaps, after all, his parents did not do him such a bad turn when they drove away in the dawn leaving him stranded.

Another case was that of a man who had thrown up his job when suffering from a nervous breakdown. He could not sleep, and would tramp the streets for three or four days and nights consecutively until he dropped from exhaustion.

He called back

When all his resources had been exhausted he started sleeping on the Embankment and came to us for something to eat. After a time he got a job selling newspapers, and now has a pitch in the Strand. His health is now quite normal. He does not earn as much as he did in the job he threw up, but he keeps himself and is happy.

Last June there was a man who came to the stall regularly. Then one day he found himself a job looking after horses at an army remount depot. But it was at Reading, and he had no money for the fare. We paid his fare and heard no more about him.

Then a few nights ago he turned up at the stall. He had been subpoenaed as a witness in a case heard in London and had had to come up. So he came along to see us, to say "Thank you," and to tell us how he was getting on. He was well dressed, looked very fit, and said he was very happy in his job, which was a permanent one.

Mothers' gratitude

Another time, three young fellows who had walked all the way from Liverpool came to us the very night they arrived in London. They had been out of work at home and had come to London in the hope of getting a job.

When they saw the long queue at our stall they decided that London was not the place for them and that they had better go home. We had a talk with them, told them to call at my office the next day, and, after considering their case, we paid their fares back to Liverpool.

Afterwards I received three charming letters from three very grateful mothers who thanked us for helping their boys to get back home.

We are always glad to help in getting jobs when we can, but, of course, people must not imagine that we can perform miracles and find work for all the unemployed.

A LOT OF WHAT THEY LIKE ...



does
them
good!

Especially if it's Kellogg's Corn Flakes! And who wouldn't like these crisp, tasty corn flakes—kept always oven-fresh and delicious by the special inner-sealed WAXTITE bag.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are especially tasty with cold milk or cream or with a bit of fruit added. They do not tax the digestion. No cooking. Ready to serve.

There is no more economical or suitable everyday food than this crisp, wholesome cereal—a single packet gives ten generous helpings. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Reject substitutes.



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Made by KELLOGG in LONDON, CANADA.

THE BIGGEST VALUE IN CEREALS

NEXT TIME YOU MAKE TABLE JELLY

Smell it!

Can you smell fresh fruit juices?

UM-M-M! REAL RASPBERRIES. THIS ROWNTREE'S JELLY SMELLS DELICIOUS!

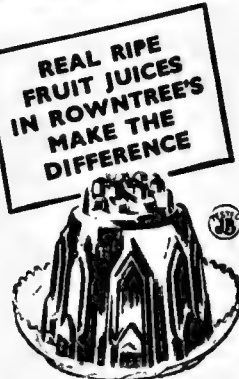


The next time you make table jelly smell it after it's dissolved. With ordinary jelly you will notice hardly any smell of fruit. But with Rowntree's you will be delighted with the aroma of pure fresh fruit.

Now you will understand why Rowntree's tastes so much more delicious than other jellies. Real ripe fruit juices are used in Rowntree's — juicy oranges — red raspberries — sun-ripened lemons — or whatever flavour you prefer. No wonder women everywhere are changing to Rowntree's.

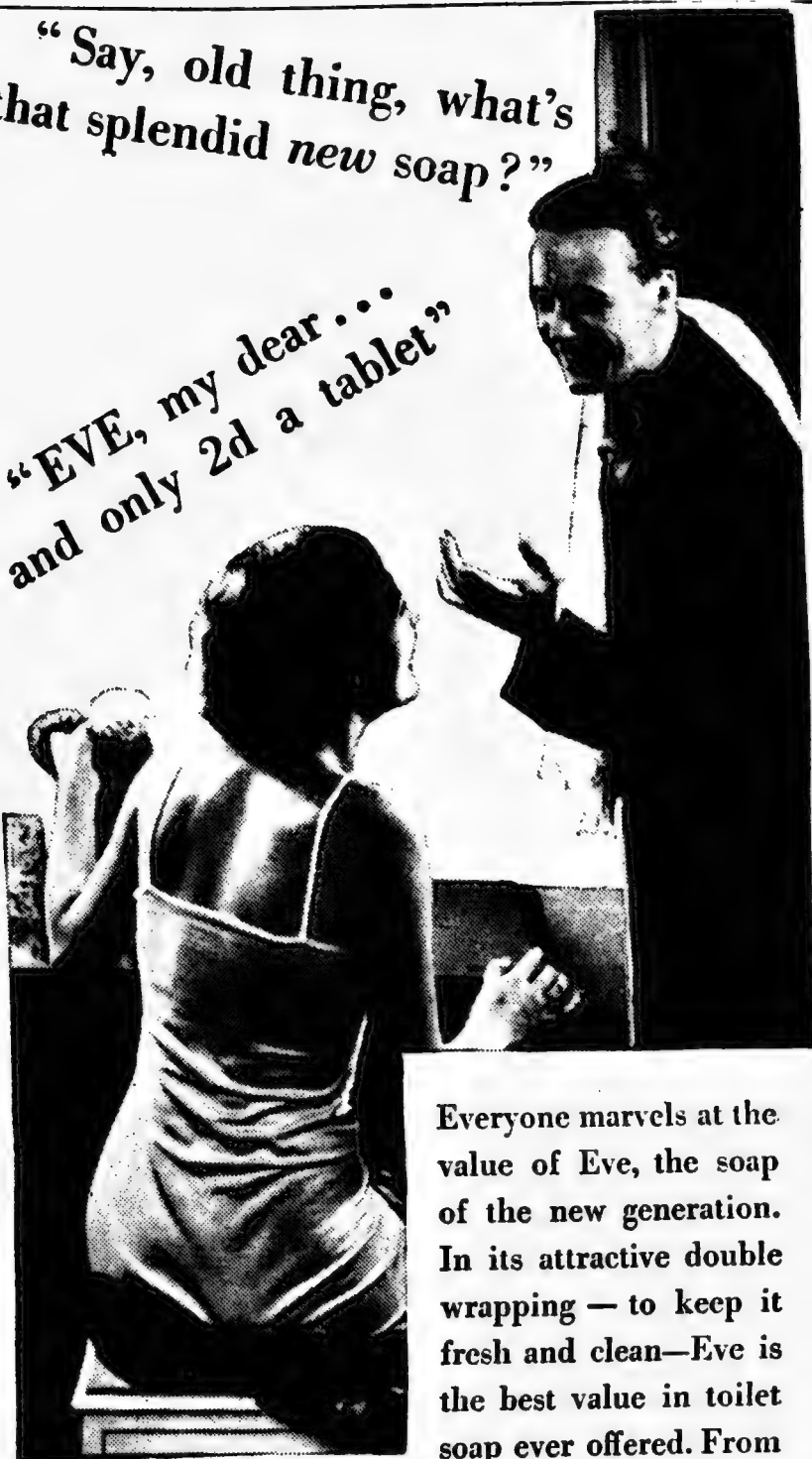
12 Flavours . . . Including Raspberry, Lemon, Strawberry, Orange. Specially cube-moulded for quick dissolving. Only 4d. a packet. Free Gift Coupon included. Rowntree's Cocoa coupons count.

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLIES



"Say, old thing, what's that splendid new soap?"

"EVE, my dear . . . and only 2d a tablet"



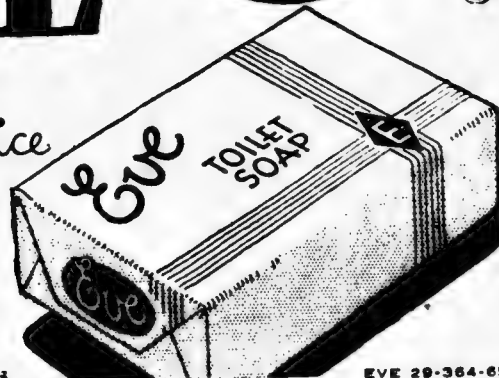
Everyone marvels at the value of Eve, the soap of the new generation. In its attractive double wrapping — to keep it fresh and clean—Eve is the best value in toilet soap ever offered. From

the moment you unwrap it and sense its fragrant perfume to the time you dry yourself after revelling in its kindly lather you feel that here is the soap you've always wanted. It's truly hard to believe it is only twopence a full-sized tablet.

EVE



a soap you'll love—at a price you'll like



A PRODUCT OF WATSONS
SOAP MAKERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS

EVE 29-364-65

YOU CANNOT AFFORD—

to Neglect your Stomach

Most of us suffer at times with stomach trouble and are sometimes inclined to let it take its course and "right itself." You cannot afford to let these danger signals pass unheeded—that way leads to chronic indigestion and a life of misery.

The penalties of neglect are seen in everyday life, in a host of people who have become confirmed dyspeptics and spend endless time and money in a fruitless effort to regain their lost health. It is such a pity, when the means of recovery is so readily to hand.

Next time you have stomach trouble: pain after meals, sick headache, flatulence, take 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted at the instantaneous relief it gives. 'Milk of Magnesia' does its splendid work quietly and efficiently, by aiding nature. It neutralizes the excess acid in the stomach and gently expels the fermenting waste from the system.

'Milk of Magnesia' is as harmless as it is effective and is widely prescribed by doctors for men, women and children. Keep 'Milk of Magnesia' at hand and secure its wonderful help in maintaining your digestion unimpaired.

1/3 per bottle. 2/6 treble size.

Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. In Handy Tin—Compact and Thin. 1/- per box—also family size bottle 2/- of all chemists

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia

What Causes Constipation?

The basic cause of constipation is intestinal weakness—the failure of the bowel muscles to ensure regular and complete elimination. This being a proven fact, the logical thing to do is to give your bowels a strengthening tonic, something which—instead of forcing as harsh purgatives do—will restore natural functioning. This is what your doctor would advise, and it is just the action which 'Bisuroids' Laxative Tablets have. By increasing the flow of internal lubrication and by restoring healthy muscular activity within the bowel, 'Bisuroids' cannot fail to re-establish natural regularity.

There's no griping or discomfort with 'Bisuroids'; the intestines simply regain normal, healthy activity. Take a couple of 'Bisuroids' to-night and prove their gentle efficacy.

The new 'Bisuroids' Laxative Tablets are the most economical laxative you can buy—50 chocolate-flavoured tablets for 1/3d., or 100 for 2/-.



5/- DOWN
Secures a pair of
RILEY'S BOWLS
120 PAIRS FREE
Write to-day for full details
E. J. RILEY LTD.,
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NEVER again will you hear the name Allah in a British broadcasting programme except in a way that any Mohammedan would approve. The B.B.C. has ordained it. It has decided, quite rightly, that the susceptibilities of every creed and every class in our great Empire must be studied.

And so the talks, music, and other departments of the corporation have been informed accordingly. All bands that broadcast have been told that the popular number "Allah's Holiday" must be played without words, and Henry Hall, presenting the piece recently, got over the difficulty by announcing it as "Eastern Holiday."

Whenever, in future, the Arabic word that means God occurs in a script presented to the B.B.C. it will be studied almost with a microscope.

Not for the first time has the Corporation banned a word, a verse, or a whole song, as the keenest listeners-in will know for themselves. For instance, there was the sudden disappearance from a song of the word "Hallelujah."

Many people will remember the first line of that song as it was before the B.B.C. censorship got busy. "Hallelujah, here comes the rainbow," it ran, so harmless-sounding that hardly one person in ten thousand could have detected that there were grounds for complaint—for somebody—in it.

But the letters demanding that the song be killed poured in by the score. In an emergency Henry Hall found a temporary substitute for the words in "Sing a new song." The new version began: "Sing a new song, here comes the rainbow."

But it remained for Jack Barty to find the best substitute of all. "Hi-de-hi" was his idea. And as "Hi-de-hi, here comes the rainbow," it is known to most lovers of dance-band music in the land.

Among the songs that have been "killed" outright as far as broadcasting in this country is concerned was "How Am I Gonna Keep the News from Mother." No need to attempt an explanation as to why, for the B.B.C. refused to give it, and Miss Josephine Trix, who was to have sung it, says that there isn't an objectionable word, line or suggestion in it.

A Marina surprise

But the B.B.C. does sometimes attempt an explanation. It doesn't leave unexplained, for instance, the sudden disappearance from the air of "The Pig Got Up and Slowly Walked Away," which some people might think as innocent as "Little Jack Horner."

"In our opinion," said an official of the Corporation, "the little pig that got up and walked away was a drunken pig. We felt—and it is only our opinion, mind you—that the words tended to glorify rather than deprecate drunkenness. We have to bear in mind that there are many thousands of people who

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the owner of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

STIRLING OBSERVER:—"... did not seem to appreciate the difficulty of having young children cooked up for two hours."

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The day's proceedings were frequently interrupted by SOWERS OF SNOW or sleet."

EVENING STAR AND DAILY HERALD:—"Witness wrote to the Probation Officer, so that defendant could be placed under his car."

WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE:—"... when the Cabinet was planning BAKING batches of new peers."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The Transport Committee has decided again to ask the Council to allow dogs to travel on the upper decks of trams."

NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL:—"Coun. — occupied the choir."

BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS:—"... his pillion rider was injured in a COLLECTION with a car."

MIDLAND SPORTING GAZETTE:—"Several TRAINS took advantage of the fine weather to give their horses a spin."

Millions of words are broadcast every year and there are thousands of ways in which even the most cautious censor can be innocently led into offending some section of the community



BANNED by the B.B.C.

see nothing funny in drunkenness at all. And so the words had to go."

One of the biggest puzzles of all time will be why the song "Welcome, Marina" was banned altogether on the occasion of the recent Royal wedding. "Bad form" was the reason given to the composers, who had the pleasure of hearing it sung at many places where good form was the order of the day.

But there you are: the B.B.C. undoubtedly thought quite sincerely that it would give offence, and they had every right to decide.

Now consider a song the full words of which the Corporation allowed to be broadcast for months before it took exception to them so violently that it banned them altogether.

Those words advised people to love their neighbours and offer to share their burdens—especially if the neighbour happens to be a beautiful girl next door.

No doubt you will find some difficulty, at first, in seeing any reason at all for the ban. In fact, the song had been broadcast with full words quite sixty times before the Corporation itself woke up to the fact that it was giving offence in certain quarters.

But the reason is quite a good one, when you examine it carefully. There are many thousands of people whose views that dance music is wicked can afford to be ignored. But you can't ignore the hundreds of thousands more who feel that there is plenty of scope for the dance-lyric writer without making Biblical references.

No censor

Who is it, at Broadcasting House, who makes these sweeping censorship decisions? The general belief that there is a special censorship department is quite wrong. The fact is that the Broadcasting Corporation has no censor.

It has no set of rules as to what may or may not be broadcast, no list of banned words, no black list of any kind. It prides itself that everything is decided as it arises, and on its merits.

That, perhaps, explains why it sometimes seems to give a considerable amount of licence in one direction while it shows itself as unusually touchy in another.

Bear in mind, for example, the banning of "Welcome Marina" on the

grounds of taste. Then think of the appalling bad taste in this direction:

Eight times in six months its Saturday night music-hall comedians crack jokes at the expense of cross-eyed people that must have caused agony of mind to thousands of girls suffering from such an affliction, particularly those who were in company at dances or parties at the time with the wireless switched on.

Three times in five or six weeks the same bad joke was repeated of the man who lost his dinner because the cross-eyed girl next to him ate his meal in addition to her own—a "joke" that has been going the rounds for fully fifty years.

There is hardly a newspaper in the land that will permit publication of anything that makes slighting reference to a physical affliction of any kind. Yet the British Broadcasting Company seems to make no effort at all to stop such references, a state of affairs we hope they will not allow to continue now that we have pointed it out to them.

But looking at the subject of censorship as a whole, there's no need to throw stones at the B.B.C. It makes mistakes but remembering the gigantic mass of broadcasting material it has to put out in a year, it is bound to trip at times.

"Not for me!"

Contrary to a widely existing belief, rarely attempts to censor its sermons. In fact, the religion director, the Rev. F. A. Iremonger, rarely asks for a script, and when you hear such preachers as Pat McCormick you may rest assured he is saying just what he wants to say at the microphone.

Then in the "famous trials" series did what the British film censor would permit no film company and the Lord Chamberlain allow no playwright to do—re-enact the Bloody Assize of Judge Jeffreys.

"There must be nothing to suggest a British court of law could be or ever was corrupt" the film censor warned the British company that contemplated making such a film.

But the B.B.C. thought such a broadcast thoroughly justified, laughed at the idea that people would think abused existed to-day just because they existed 250 years ago, and told the producer to fire away.

It is in the talks department that the most stringent censorship exists—and in which most of the mistakes of censorship are made. But, after all, it is quite understandable.

Think of the millions of words that must be put over every year. Then think of the thousands of widely varying "susceptibilities" of the people listening, many of whom don't mind reading things with which they disagree but regard broadcasts that they don't want to hear as an intrusion into their homes.

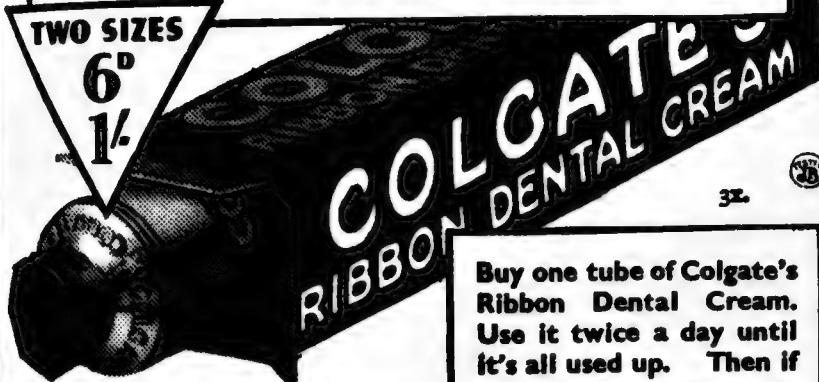
Then you'll say to yourself: "If even the B.B.C. censorship is made the job of one man, I hope it won't be me."

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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

TWO SIZES

6"
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Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. That's why it completely removes the seven kinds of stains left on the teeth by everything you eat and drink and smoke every day. First, Colgate's emulsive action loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, Colgate's polishing action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn discolourations. Prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference that these two cleansing actions can make in the appearance of your teeth.

Buy one tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day until it's all used up. Then if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner and brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Rd., London, S.W.1. and we will refund you twice what you paid.



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IMPERFECT
SKIN!**

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BANISHES SKIN TROUBLES

CREAMS and powder will only partially disguise a blemished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rashes, Blackheads, Chilblains, or other skin diseases. A few drops of this marvellous preparation give instant relief. Buy a 1/3 bottle to-day at any chemist.

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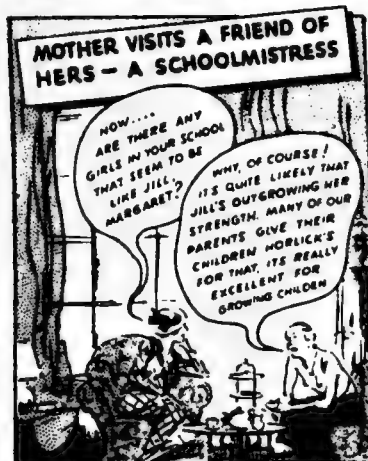
FROM
16
WEEKLY

CAPTAIN Cycles

H. FITZPATRICK BURNLEY

I called the children next door
"LITTLE BARBARIANS"

-but I wished my girl
 were more like them



IS YOUR CHILD TOO QUIET?

Has your child been tired and spiritless lately — with less "devil" in her than the normal child? If so, she's probably outgrowing her strength. Children need extra nourishment, for growth as well as for their work and play.

Horlick's regularly for breakfast, supper and "elevenses" gives children all the vital elements their bodies need for growth and extra energy. Your child will become sturdy and high-spirited. Children love Horlick's. It is economical, too — the milk is already in it, you need add water only. Prices from 2/-.

Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.



HORLICK'S

builds solid foundations to children's health

BILLIARDS

FREE!

JELKS

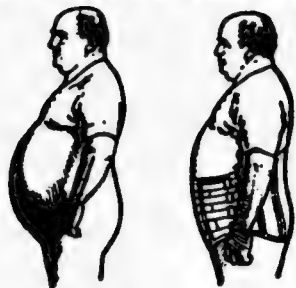
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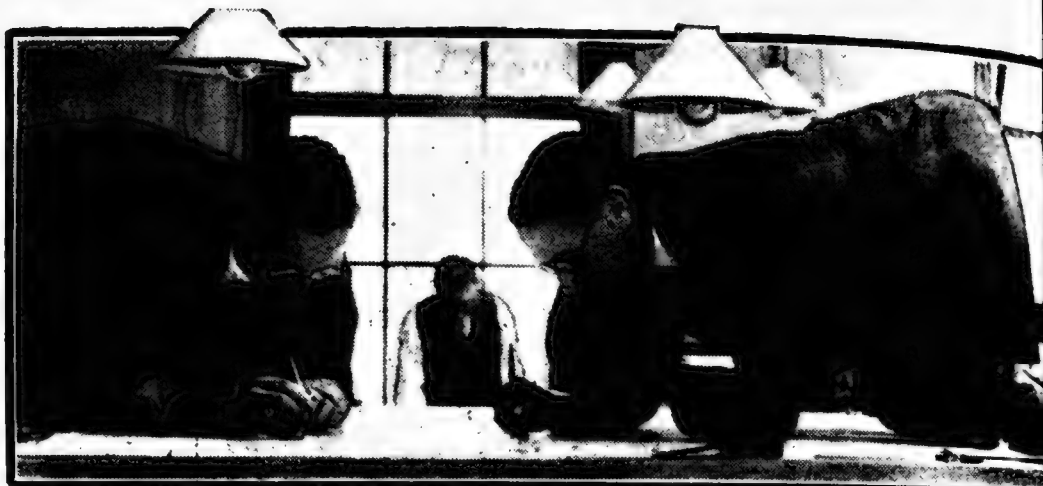
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Some idea of the magnitude of the task which faces them may be gathered from the fact that it is estimated that, even if the present rate of increase (200) is maintained every year, it will take ten years to absorb sufficient staff to complete the survey.

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The surveyor's difficulties on their humorous side, as was discovered (though probably not till afterwards) the official who had to make a survey of a lunatic asylum.

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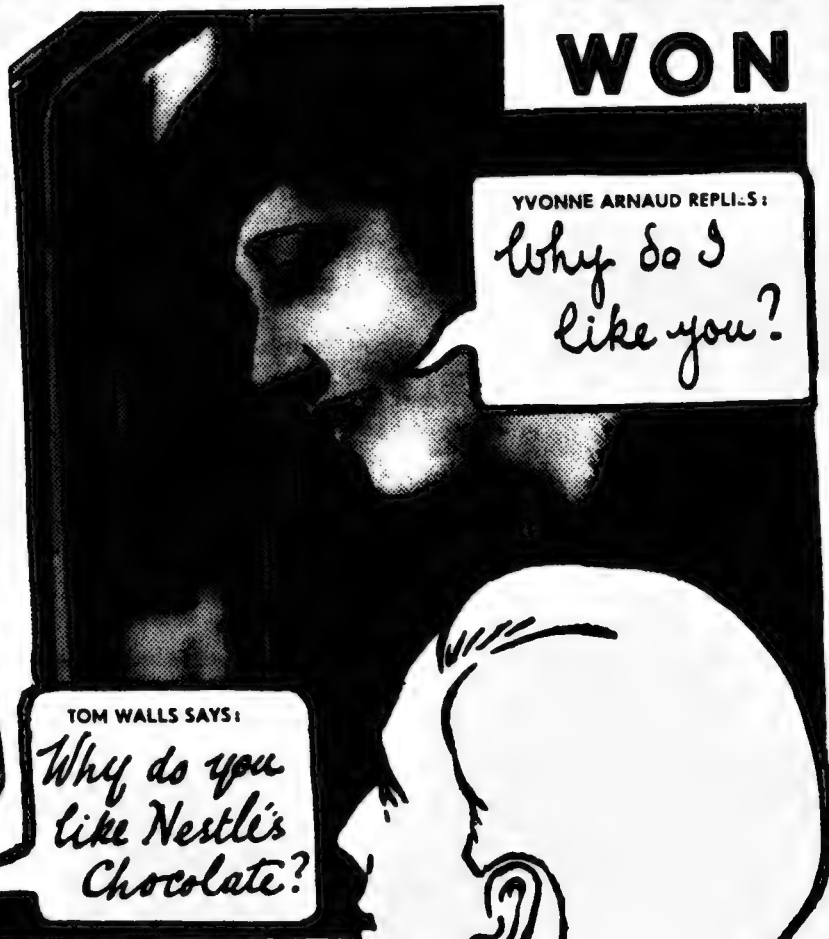
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- 3 All entries will be individually considered by a panel of expert judges. No correspondence can be entered into and the expert judges' awards must be accepted as final and legally binding. No employees of Nestlé's or any associated company, may enter. Nestlé's reserve the right to use any phrase submitted.
- 4 After filling in the reply space, cut out the whole advertisement, and post with wrapper in a sealed envelope to Nestlé's, Dept. No. 108, Silverthorne Road, Battersea, S.W.8, not later than May 31st. Write clearly in pencil, illegible entries will be disqualified. Cheques will be posted to prizewinners on June 14th. The names of the winners of the First, Second and Third Prizes will be published in the Press on June 15th and 16th.

Don't cut this coupon Post complete advert.

I agree to abide by the rules of the competition. Please write in BLOCK letters.

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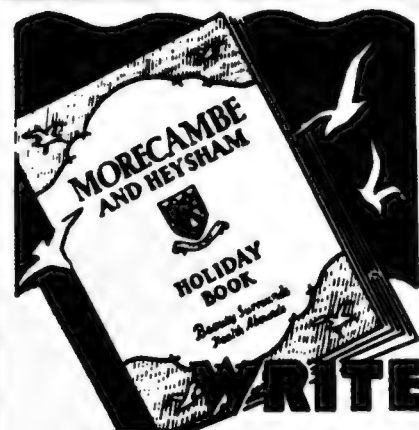
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SPECIAL EVENTS INCLUDE:

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**MORECAMBE
AND HEYSHAM**

THERE is an uncomfortable atmosphere about the office in which thirty men and women have worked happily together without untoward incident for years. Detectives have been called in, and the innocent as well as the guilty are feeling the strain. It is certainly a mysterious epidemic of thefts which the police have been called in to investigate, and which the chief clerk is describing to them even now. Why a thief should want to steal nothing but gloves, as he says, passes all comprehension, especially when there is so much that is more valuable for him to take.

There was the theft of the fur-lined gauntlets for which one of the typists had just paid 25s., for instance. Whoever took them could just as easily have got away with thirty pounds in notes. Then the chief clerk's own home-made black-knitted gloves couldn't have been worth more than a shilling, and the thief preferred them to his two-guinea fountain-pen which lay alongside.

It has been gloves, gloves, all the time—twenty odd pairs in all, belonging to fifteen different members of the staff. One wonders where he can sell them, observes the chief clerk, for it is obvious he cannot wear so many different sizes himself.

At that the sergeant in charge of the enquiries smiles knowingly.

"The answer to that," he says, "is that he doesn't sell them. Nor does he wear them himself. He has got them hidden away in a drawer, somewhere, and the only fun he gets out of his thefts is when he stands before them counting them over, and gloating over the number and variety of them. In other words, you are not dealing with an ordinary thief at all, but a human magpie."

Human magpies! The Home Office, the prison authorities and the police know them well. They have been referred to in statistical reports by the Prison Commissioners and committees that have investigated crime. They number a large proportion of the 45,000 people committed to prison or Borstal institutions every year for larceny.

Once they were regarded as just ordinary thieves, like the people who are thieves by profession, or to enrich themselves quickly or get out of a hole. Once we used to throw them in prison with the old lags, transport them for life, or even execute them accordingly!

Now, although we don't know all the mental, emotional and temperamental causes of their instability, we at least know some of them, and psychologists who co-operate with the prison authorities are learning more about them every day.

What widely differing types there are among them. The brightness of objects appeals to a certain class just as it does to the real magpie, which will steal nail-files, silver trinkets, sixpences and other lustrous things and bear them away to a dark corner.

Magnetic dazzle

The proprietors of a leading chain store have given instructions that dazzling objects, particularly imitation paste diamonds, shall be put back as far away from the public as possible, such is the appeal they make to a certain type of visitor. A drab-looking article at half-a-crown is less of a temptation on the whole, they have found, than a dazzling one at threepence.

Railway companies have found that bright-headed screws, ash trays, towel rails and other fittings will disappear far more readily than the duller types, and have turned to oxidised metals with advantages to themselves. A leading hotel manager who had fifty menu card holders a week stolen when he favoured chromium, stopped the thefts almost entirely by turning to ebony, which is more expensive, and now wishes that he could supply his guests with dull cutlery as well!

But not all magpie thieves go after the brightest objects. Many of them

A Thief with a Difference...



Some magpie thieves ignore valuables and steal some petty article, such as gloves... "his only pleasure is to gloat over the number, and the variety"

The Magpie Man

character and mentality who deliberately resort to crime, the weaker-minded who cannot face the difficulties of an ordinary social life, and the pathological cases who may be amenable to medical and psychiatric treatment—the magpie thieves belong to the latter group.

Over a wide area of Britain we have been examining all lads under twenty-one who are admitted to prison, and many others as well, with a view to finding what is wrong with them psychologically. As this form of diagnosis is being extended and developed every year throughout the prison service.

Environment, economic factors, lack of proper guidance round about the age of puberty, and many other such factors are known to produce human magpies. An unwanted child will steal to annoy rather than to enrich himself, hitting back at the world with persistent and socially conduct.

Winning them back

Such conduct may be temporary or permanent. Some miscreants benefit from detention and others do not. They are all sorts of problems to be faced in winning them back to decent conduct.

But, although treatments vary considerably, harshness does more harm than good in every case.

The important point is that the magpie usually steals not for enrichment but for his own gratification—whatever that gratification may be—and unless carefully handled he will prefer to gratify himself in this strange manner rather than be bored by a life of good behaviour.

In other words, many of these human magpies see no point in giving up practice unpleasant to others when it affords so much pleasure to themselves.

We used to turn magpies into thieves once upon a time, by treating them from the beginning as thieves. Punitive methods simply made the anti-social people a little more anti-social until they became real social dangers.

Now we recognise them early enough as usually quite decent human beings with abnormalities that can be cured.

With the help of psychology the Home Office is showing more and more willingness to make them, by dint of proper treatment, prefer to be decent human beings rather than pathetic little imitations of a very stupid, raucous and aggravating bird.

like the man we quoted as stealing gloves, concentrate on purloining one particular kind of article, often showing the strangest tastes.

There was the case of a youth who stole nothing but paste pots. He said he intended to paper a room when he had enough paste, but it was obvious that he had a perverted accumulative sense. Another boy could not keep his hands off inkwells. A well-to-do man in South Wales stole the heavy steel chairs used to hold railway lines, although he obviously had no intention of selling them.

There are towel thieves, fountain-pen thieves, pencil thieves, notepaper thieves and the London police even had experience of a man who specialised in stealing the heavy stone balls displayed on the pillars of gateways! In many cases they would hesitate to touch anything except the particular article that fascinates them. They would regard it as stealing!

Yet there are human magpies who deliberately seek variety in the objects they steal. As a rule they choose articles of little or no intrinsic value—screws, bolts, pen-nibs, string, pipe cleaners, pencils, in fact all the things that come readily to hand.

One, a youth who was taken to a London police-station for taking the ticket punch used at the box-office at a dance hall, was found to have thousands of worthless or next to worthless objects in a garden shed, including a tin opener, door-knob, rasp, water mains cover, street name-plate, gate spike, label off a rose tree, window-strap from a railway carriage and a workman's dinner basket. And when his pockets were searched it was found he had stolen a pencil off the police-station desk.

Some of them have gone to extraordinary lengths to hide their valueless plunder. It has been found buried, hung in a canal at the end of a string, submerged in a cistern and sewn in a mattress.

It is fortunate for these magpies that the day has gone when we regarded criminals as just criminals, without a pin to choose between them.

We place law-breakers into three categories nowadays—the men of strong

Zipanitsoff!



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these new cigarettes!

10	for	6 ^D
50	for	2/5
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That Red Band needs just a pull, and Zip!—off comes the outer wrap in one move. A neat little time-saver for the smoker in a hurry! And the man who smokes Cavanders will *want* to reach his cigarettes in a hurry! These are the all-Virginia cigarettes "as smooth as velvet," made by Cavanders who have been famous as blenders of fine tobaccos since 1775. If pure Virginia leaf and expert blending can make good cigarettes, then these are good indeed. Ask your tobacconist for a packet to-day.

Cavanders

GOLD LEAF

CIGARETTES



MADE BY THE FIRM OF THREE CENTURIES



Oh dear me NO!
I NEVER TIRE
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FOR TIRED FEET
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large size 10 1/2

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"WHY go there repeatedly?" friends ask when I tell them I've been again to Looe in canny Cornwall.

The sea's more blue there. Fishermen mend their nets as they did a thousand years ago, and they always have a kindly word for the stranger. Taking a walk one can see the potter turning clay on the wheel as in the Old Testament days.

Here is peace. With rest and relaxation a sense of proportion returns. One learns to laugh at the minor issues which seem so tremendously important in the work-a-day world. Better still, one learns to smile at oneself.—Miss A., Exeter.

Happy Family

Heigh-ho for the resort where flannel-bags make all men equal. Fifty weeks each year I work in a detestable black coat and striped trousers, compelled to carry myself as one in authority.

Holidays alter that. I can eat in the lowliest café without losing caste; join in the fun of the fair without being dubbed childish.

Where Jack's as good as his master, and Eve's better than both; where eating rock and devouring "thrillers" is fashionable. Mecca of the democrat, the richest, ridiculous, most regal of all resorts—Blackpool! —"Manager," Notts.

"Beechy Bucks"

Some years ago I was badly hurt by a taxi that mounted the pavement in a London street. That meant a holiday.

I went to stay at a farmhouse in the heart of Buckinghamshire, and perhaps the realisation of all I had so nearly lost served to impress on my mind how beautiful Nature can be when one has time and inclination to interpret her various moods.

I discovered that there is something in the smell of lavender, or the swift, curving flight of a swallow that art and the printed word cannot reproduce. Hence, every summer I wend my way to "Beechy Bucks."—E. S., Mytchett.

Old-World

For years I visited some seaside resort, then last year I went to Penhurst, in Kent.

In place of the bewildering discordant din and overpowering heat of a crowded promenade were long stretches of silent beauty in the form of cool, green woods and meadows; instead of streets, full of sweating, loud-voiced trippers, was a quiet, charming old-world town, full of historic interest and complete with castle.

For anyone in want of a real rest, I should recommend Penhurst.—L. G., Norwood.

Pocket Paradise

Llanbedrog, on the Llyn Peninsula, is my favourite holiday resort. A quiet place where the mountains roll down to the sea. Safe bathing from a sandy beach, good fishing and sailing as well as rambles along country lanes between hedges heavy with honeysuckle—all are at hand in this pocket paradise.

Although most of the people now speak English, Llanbedrog is essentially and thoroughly a Welsh village, which is

Race with Silver Ring

An Eye on Hairan

I AM afraid that the Chester Vase—the race won by Papyrus, Hyperion and Windsor Lad prior to their success at Epsom—did not tell us much this year. Assignment, the only colt holding the Derby liability, ran second. He bowled round the turns merrily and was running on, but I do not consider him in the Bahram class.

It appears at the moment that Bahram is going to start a good favourite, but it will not surprise me if history is repeated and the Aga Khan's second string takes the spoils.

For his second string I am taking Hairan and not Theft. It will be recalled that, a few years ago, when R. C. Dawson trained the Aga Khan's horses, Blenheim popped up at Epsom, much to the consternation of backers of his stable companion.

Hairan will contest the Newmarket Stakes—due to be run while this copy of JOHN BULL is being printed—and everything depends upon that display. The son of Fairway was rated only 1 lb. behind Bahram in Mr. Fawcett's handicap of two-year-olds and 3 lb. superior to Bobsleigh. I believe the stable rated him better than Bahram.

The Aga Khan's Theft will be the Fitz-



of Alleghans clothed in purple mist. Paris was perfect. So, too, was quaint Venice. But I'm getting old. So for a grand holiday I go to Aberdaron above splendid Cardigan Bay. The sands there are firm, people kindly. There is fishing, good walks, incomparable mountain views. One can rest and pray in the little God's Acre where sleep the villagers of centuries ago.

Each night brings perfect sleep and recuperation—what more can a greybeard ask?—R. D. W., Woodthorpe.

Glory of Nature

My ideal holiday resort is Sandy Bay, between Exmouth and Budleigh Salterton, in Devon, where I can spend an ideal holiday under canvas.

There, unaffected by the artificial glamour of big towns, I can rest in the quiet and beautiful glory of English summer.

With the rhythmic lull of waves on rocks and shore, and the gentle stir of the breeze, I forget awhile that I like thousands of people, am tied by the big hum and bustle of city life.

I think myself a lucky man to be living in a county so abundant with the glory of Nature.—H. W., Exeter.

Memories

To sit awhile in a quiet corner of the Abbey; view rich windows of Bond Street; see sun glinting on Father Thames; a show every evening, then to retire as Big Ben chimes midnight—that's my ideal holiday.

Let others prate of golden sands, glamour of countryside, historic associations of Cathedral towns, but I love the petrol smell of Fleet Street, the sight of newsboys dodging traffic, pigeons in Trafalgar Square, the exhilaration of Hyde Park oratory.

One week in London and I return to the mine with happy memories.—"Dick," Stanley.

Cooling Sands

I choose Rhyl. Here there are cooling sands where children of all ages can play the whole day long while their parents sit in a warm, gentle breeze and read or knit, or perhaps play with them.

For middle-aged people there is a splendid promenade, where they can either stroll in comfort or sit and watch the sea, the ships or tennis players.

And for the modern youngster there are amusements which suit every age and every pocket.—In fact, Rhyl is the one place where all, immaterial as to age, can thoroughly enjoy themselves.—"Seafarer," Staffs.

Nature Smiles

Somewhere on the north coast of glorious Devon is a little place where the Lyn bubbles into the sea. Nature has indeed smiled upon Lynmouth: the beauty of her coastline is only to be compared with the grandeur of the wooded tor that rise behind her.

Lynmouth is within easy distance of some of the most romantic places in Britain: Clovelly, Bideford, Westward Ho! Here, too, we are on the threshold of the "Lorna Doone" country, which must ever be a Mecca to those who read the finest romance in our wonderful literature.—"Devon Lover," Shelton Lock.

* * *

I always visit Shoreham-by-Sea—there is a repose about this quaint old town which seems to discourage the visits of the more noise-loving section of the summer holidaymakers.—H. S., Norwood.

OUR

LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, May 21.

The Minute that Meant Most to Me

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 16, to Wednesday, May 22.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V

Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Examples: 96S QWSD would read BAHAM. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. A98K2O94W would read ENOOKER.

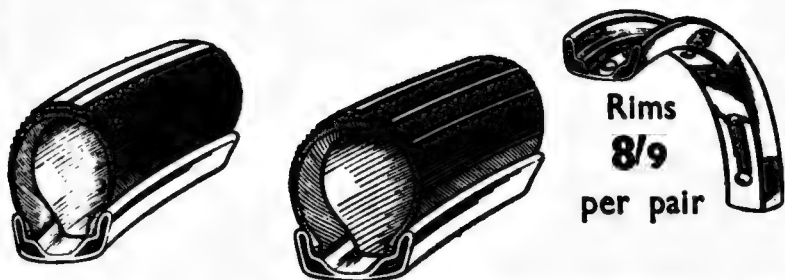
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Tyre made in one size only, 26' x 1½', for use solely on the special lightweight narrow section rim.

Complete rim, Cover and Tube weigh under 40 ounces!

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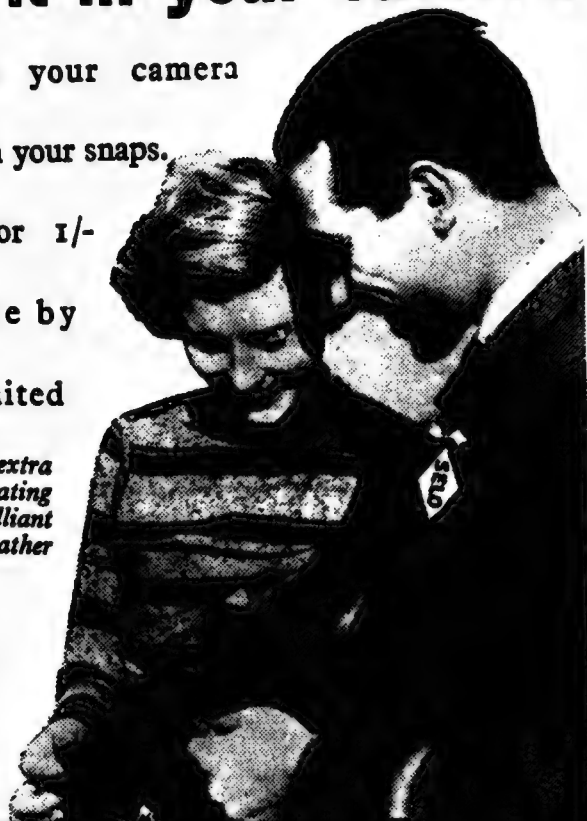
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My hair used to look "worn-out" . . . until I used this NEW HAIR CONDITIONING LOTION

You may be able to mask lifeless-looking hair temporarily with greases and creams. But that's merely begging the question. If there's anything wrong with your hair it will continue being

wrong—and probably getting worse—as long as your hair is out of condition.

Yet it is easy enough to get, and keep, your hair in perfect condition. Use Silvikrin Hair Conditioning Lotion—the only hair lotion containing that world-famous natural organic hair food, Pure Silvikrin.*

The regular use of Silvikrin Lotion revives your hair's natural lustre, restores its luxuriance, makes it healthy and alive. It will never need any other care. When you see how your hair is kept in condition you will get the Silvikrin habit. Just as you have got the habit of brushing your teeth and taking a daily bath.

Get a bottle to-day from your Chemist's, Hairdresser's or Stores.



WOMEN ALSO will find all their hair worries ended the day they start using Silvikrin Hair Conditioning Lotion.

*Pure Silvikrin is the natural organic hair food that supplies the scalp with the substances essential for the growth of healthy hair, in a form identical with that which the human system itself normally produces. It was invented by the famous biologist, Dr. Weidner; is endorsed by scientific authorities; and has been proved efficacious by thousands of people. Booklet describing Dr. Weidner's discovery, and giving useful advice about hair culture generally, FREE on request.

Silvikrin

HAIR CONDITIONING LOTION

1/6 & 3/6

(Same Price in I.F.S.)

FROM ALL CHEMISTS
(INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES),
HAIRDRESSERS & STORES

Write for FREE BOOKLET to SILVIKRIN LABORATORIES,
145, Sydney Road, London, N.10.

Lo-78-e

SOLID ZAM-BUK
Exact Size
In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for internal use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.
CURES PILES

1s NOW
The All British Cycle Sent For 1/-
Carr. Paid to Approved Orders.
Prizes 2/- Fortnightly. Dunlop Champion Tyres, Rims, Good Saddle, &c. Guaranteed 50 Years. Gent's 70/8. Ladies' 66/8. Accessories Free.
PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE.
PAIN'S Dept. 20 88, Hastings

GREAT NEW
3 IN 1
HOLIDAY PENSION
prize for
"JOHN BULL'S"
ENTERTAINING
X-WORD

30! WEEKLY FOR LIFE
£300 CASH
and
£30 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY
Commencing 1935
OR ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF £850

£150 *Increased Holiday Prize for Runners-up*
£100 *EXTRA HOLIDAY BONUS for Runners-up from whom we receive two 6th entries in the same envelope.*
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of solution containing one error more than runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer...
TO BE DESPATCHED WED. JUNE 19

TAKE your holidays early! " is a slogan with sound sense behind it; what a pity one's pocket does not assist by filling up early in the summer, when days are longer and prices lower!

This is where "John Bull" steps in. Here, in our first great Crossword Holiday Offer, comes your opportunity to take not only an early holiday, but also a £300 cheque plus a £0s.

That Holiday Cheque for £30 which is part of this great 3-in-1 prize, however, is not only a payment to take you to the seaside in 1935. It will be paid again in June, 1936, in 1937, in 1938—and every summer as long as you live!

Notice that the prize-money for Runners-up has caught the holiday feeling and increased to £250, to be divided as announced above. Be quick with your entry, for if you want the first of our huge Holiday Pension prizes with which to pack up your troubles, your squares must reach Long Acre by noon, Thursday, May 23.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30s. a week, £300 in cash and a £30 holiday prize annually for life (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be shared by Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 30, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 6.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

- Its emblem is the leek
- Take O from Garbo and leave clothing
- Everybody likes to express his own
- Diver can't work without this
- Tear asunder
- Stories for boys must be this
- Often worn round waist by little girl
- To quarrel with is futile
- Poor football team's usual score
- "—we forget"
- Once round a race-track
- Cut beet in half and use the end
- Shop-keeper leaves his money in this
- Relates to two
- Indicates her maiden name
- Both ends of drum
- It breaks down barriers
- Loving horse is an—ran
- Is often made to measure

DOWN

- Baby can't make head or tail of these
- Resembles man and monkey
- There are many between England and France
- This is the finish
- Two-thirds of six
- Animal that sounds like "New"
- Fruit used in plum pudding
- Auctioneer accepts highest one
- Centre of dote
- Dad's punishment for bad boy is this
- Glasses may be needed when this comes along
- She loves buying a new one
- At big schools you find perfect ones for sport
- Should be provided with means for letting off steam
- Watch your step when crossing one
- It keeps laundry going
- Beer of a kind
- Entreaty
- America
- Not the truth
- Controlling unruly one is difficult

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENNY. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it £/s/; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, May 23, 1935.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 6, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 18, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double search establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

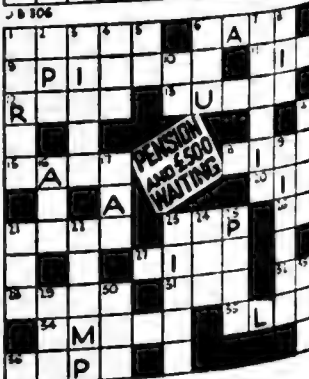
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

X-WORD RESULT

Winners in Crossword No. 304 appear on page 48. Solution and Winners in Crossword No. 305 and Solution in Competition No. 306 will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 30.

KEEP YOUR COPIES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are to be used in keeping copies of your solution.



NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
A special prize of £3 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner's name is obtained. Should the first prize be shared the £3 will be divided between the two Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 306—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1935





THE KID

the editor laughs last



Father (Newton Grange).—"If there is a mischievous boy in the house everything gets turned up"—including the mischievous small boy.

NATURALIST (Oxford).—"Certain birds are very fond of pranks." Larks.

Mrs. B. H. (Canterbury).—"I was very put out when the sweep didn't come the day I ordered him." A day out?

CURIOUS (Dunfermline).—"Do well-ringers have much leisure?" Well, they are generally at a loose end.

A. S. (Dover).—"The men who go wild are those who are easily irritated." They can't keep their hair on.

J. P. (Ewell).—"In order to do slimming exercises, girls are getting themselves up at seven." Getting themselves down to seven.

R. B. (Walton).—"Aren't you pleased that the Government has not raised your income-tax?" Yes, but we shall still have a, unfortunately.

J. B. (Teddington).—"Why should businessmen take such a pride in knocking dustbins in a new dustbin?" It's empty, anyway.

T. J. (Edgware).—"A good librarian does not put off until to-morrow what he can do to-day." But he is always shelving things.

K. G. (Maidenhead).—"As a result of a change in my methods, I think I shall be more successful in my angling this season." Trying fresh lines?

CARPENTER (S.W.).—"The boss sacked me on the spot because I spoilt a doorway that I tried to finish quickly." You made a hurried exit.

YANKEE (New York).—"I have no idea what I shall come across on my visit to England this year." The Atlantic, we suppose.

Miss G. (Streatham).—"My future husband, a policeman, tells me that he doesn't want a lot of pomp and ceremony when he marries." He prefers you to go quietly.

N. D. (Clacton).—"It depends entirely on the porters who handle it whether our luggage loses its shape during a journey." Circumstances alter cases.

Mrs. G. (Reading).—"I am calling my husband all sorts of names because the air tonic he invented is useless." But there's no point in rubbing it in.

A. K. (Chester).—"A town crier just escaped being knocked down by a motor car last week." Frankly, we cannot imagine a town crier having a narrow squeak.

C. K. (Maidenhead).—"I am going to buy a punt this summer and you can imagine how I shall spend many of my evenings." Yes, tidying the garden and cleaning the windows.

Tim (Belfast).—"The orchestra, composed of players from various local football clubs, were slightly out of tune." Evidently they weren't all used to the same pitch.

Quay (Doncaster).—"Has smoking a very strong tobacco any influence upon the shape of a smoker's nose?" Not that we are aware of, but it makes others turn theirs up.

R. W. (Wembley).—"A story comes from America of an auctioneer who exploded a bomb concealed in his rostrum striking it with his hammer." He didn't realise how true his words were when he shouted "Going, going—!"

D. W. (Highbury).—"A lady music-hall performer juggles with six real eggs." The daring nonchalance with which she performs this feat inclines spectators to the opinion that she is as hard-boiled as the eggs probably are.

BRUISED (Salford).—"The only person who saw me disappear when I stepped on the glass skylight was a telephone operator in an adjoining building. She called out something as I fell, but I didn't catch her words." No doubt they were "You're through!"

Mrs. W. (Ealing).—"I see that a mesmerist has been summoned for hypnotising the wrong person." A glaring error.

SAM (Liverpool).—"We had several outdoor bridge tournaments on the liner coming over." All hands on deck?

S. N. (Sutton).—"The African lion fears no animal in the jungle." Unless it's the African lioness.

Mrs. D. (Bournemouth).—"My son wrote and asked my permission to get married and I wired back 'Yes.' You expressed your approval.

S. B. (Liverpool).—"It is said that pickpockets cost this country more than £50,000 a year." They certainly do run away with the money.

NAVY (Derwent).—"I was reminded that I cannot choose where and when I must work." But you take your pick, don't you?

TICKET COLLECTOR (Leeds).—"When I retire I should like to go round the world in an old-fashioned sailing-vessel." A clipper?

T. V. M. (Dulwich).—"I am employed as a litter collector in a London park, but have been ill for several weeks." Are you picking up again now?

B. R. (Armsley).—"A friend of mine owes me some money. Every time he sees me approaching he evades me." He does not meet you.

TRAINER (Blackfriars).—"A popular boxer gets a fan-mail as big as a film star's." It doesn't contain much abuse, we imagine.

ANXIOUS (Mansfield).—"I don't know whether to be a jockey or a mountaineer. How can I best satisfy my ambitions?" Buy a mount.

S. N. C. (Rochester).—"He says that a wealthy lady friend has presented him with a steeplechaser." Perhaps she just knitted him a jumper.

R. J. (Kensington).—"I am going to put on a play in the West End and charge the usual prices, although all the performers will be quite unknown to London. Do you think the gamble will come off?" Well, if it doesn't, the play will.

BILL H. (Sheffield).—"Buying a present is an art." A gift, in fact.

Miss J. (Preston).—"Every girl wants a model husband." A working model, of course.

CHEERFUL (Hove).—"People think me a fool just because I love chaff." Most donkeys prefer oats.

TEACHER (Burnley).—"Children are unhappy unless they are on their feet." They can't stand sitting.

M. M. (St. Ives).—"I tried to keep from my wife that I suffered from a bad tooth, but I had to tell her at last." It came out in the end.

Miss MAE (Chelsea).—"I was introduced to an X-ray specialist the other evening, but he almost entirely ignored me." Perhaps he could not see anything in you.

AUTHOR (Bloomsbury).—"All the characters in my novel are fictitious." Just fancy!

FARMER (Ely).—"I keep complete records of when my farm has been flooded." Water-logged?

K. P. (Bolton).—"I told him he could take it or leave it," and, no doubt, he obeyed you?

LOYAL (Sussex).—"We had great arguments as to the site of our Jubilee bonfire." A burning question?

HEAVYWEIGHT (Liverpool).—"My last opponent had a huge grin on his face as I knocked him out." Unconscious humour, as it were.

CUTLER (Sheffield).—"Lots of men overlook the fact that a razor is a most delicate tool." They certainly give it a lot of rough work to do.

S. O. (Wimbledon).—"The directors of big football clubs should immediately see that there is more room next season for the spectators who pay their shillings." It's a pressing need.

B. D. C. (Plymouth).—"Coming suddenly to earth after a lazy day-dream is not at all pleasant." Especially if you'd felt sure you'd lashed the hammock securely.

J. C. C. (Leicester).—"A man with a family has a heavy burden to-day." But yours will be lighter if you carry off £800 cash and an 80-lb. Case of Groceries this week—see *Bullets* doubled "Fill-your-Larder" Offer on page 47.

R. L. (Rugby).—"I always think of my cleverest sayings a moment before I commence my speech." Most people think of them just after their speech is concluded.

D. W. (Ipswich).—"There was such a crowd at the television demonstration that owing to my shortness I was unable to see anything." You didn't get a look in.

E. W. (Iver).—"When the house of an American film actress caught fire she refused for some time to jump from an upper window into a blanket in spite of the entreaties of the crowd." Apparently she enjoyed basking in such a blaze of publicity.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

SAVE Your Furs

Clever women thoroughly dust their furs with Keating's—and pocket summer storage fees! Keatings keeps away moth. Use dry. Leaves no smell. Cartons: 2d., 6d. and 1/- Powder Flask 1/-

KEATING'S POWDER THE PROVED INSECTICIDE

BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

WHAT IS THAT EMBARRASSING IRRITATION?

Comparatively few people realise that the embarrassing local irritation and burning pain which they experience when walking or when sitting on hard seats indicate unmistakably the beginning of that distressing complaint known as piles. Still fewer are aware that a little attention at this stage may save months of untold agony. One touch of 'Nemolin' ointment brings instant relief, and in a short time the trouble is banished completely. 'Nemolin' ointment is sold by all chemists at 3/-, and is not only a remarkably efficient remedy for piles, but is an extremely good general ointment for cuts, wounds and skin affections.

A FREE TRIAL SUPPLY of 'Nemolin' Ointment will be gladly sent on receipt of your name and address. Send a postcard (1d. stamp) to International Chemical Co., Ltd., (Dept. Z/74), Braydon Road, London, N.16.

Eggs & Bacon Bottle

shaken FOR

'O.K.' SAUCE

6d. per bottle. FAMILY SIZE (nearly double) 9d.

Also use MASON'S MUSTARD SAUCE

Girls!..I've found a New Kind of Face Powder!

Yes, a really new kind of powder—one that not only keeps ugly shine off my nose, but actually stays on for at least eight hours at a time. It is called the new "Matt Finish" Poudre Tokalon, and the manufacturers say that the reason is because it is blended with double Mousse of Cream. Anyway, I do know that it makes my complexion softer and lovelier than ever before. Men admire me more. Some of them even rave about my peach-bloom complexion, which everyone believes is perfectly natural. This new Poudre Tokalon is so clinging that it will not come off even when I am out in wind or rain or if I perspire. I simply apply it in the morning and never powder again all day long no matter where I go or what I do. 6d. and 1/- a box.



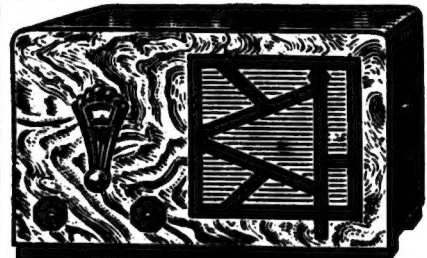
£1,000 WON IN CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 304.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following forty-nine competitors, who share the £1000 offered:—
Adcock, Mrs. C., 311, Sprouton Rd., Norwich; Bailey, J., 71, Mansford Rd., Lonsight, Manchester, 13; Baker, Mrs., Rosemary, Rensbury Ave., Woodingdean, Brighton; Butcher, S. W., 22, St. Paul's Ave., Barry, Glam.; Baynes, Mrs. O. M., 122, Fielding Rd., Bedford Park, W.4; Bedford, W., Compton, Greenside, Hopton, N. Earsley; Bell, T., 59, Ashgrove Ave., South Shields; Bence, L. L., 77, St. Thomas St., Wells, Somerset; Beresford, T., The Villa, Bolsover, Chesterfield; Brown, M. E., Stanbury Park Lane, Thrybergh, Rotherham; Budworth, E., 139, Hunter St., Burton-on-Trent; Carter, Miss E. M., 173, Park Lane, Darlington; Caton, P., Old Hillons, Howelcliffe, Atherton, Manchester; Cooke, P. B., 10, Havre-de-Pas, Jersey; Cornwall, Miss M., Sandyway St., Wrentham, Hereford; Dandy, A. J., Danby Wake, Northallerton, Yorks; English, Mrs. M., c/o 116, Cowley Rd., Oxford; Fowler, C., Milnthorpe Terr., Garforth, Leeds; Garfield, H., 20, Chesapeake, Middleton, Manchester; Hammond, Mrs. N., 62, Trafford St., Salford, Lancs; Hannant, R. B., 29, Green Lane, Portsmouth; Heywood, Miss M., 25, Brown Lane, Head Green, Ches.; Hodgson, K., Dobfield Laycock, Kighley, Yorks; Holloway, A., Rowan, Fernhill Rd., Begbroke, Oxford; Horrocks, O., 204, Moor Lane, Kersal, Manchester, 7; Jones, L., 21, Thornhill Rd., Plymouth; Lee, Mrs. E., 72, Rotham Place, Stoke, Devonport; Loxham, W., 3, Golden St., Waterfall, Blackburn; Mather, Mrs. F., Fire Station, E. Ham, E.8; Mitchell, Mrs. A., 31, Grove Way, Esher; Monks, Mrs. H., 61, Seymour St., Chorley; Mullen, E., 14, Eccles St., Dublin; Oliver, C. D., 3, Turnie Rd., Glossop, Derby; Parker, C., 195, Rawlinson St., East Kirby, Notts; Roberts, P., 21, Joan St., Moston, Manchester, 10; Shaw, B., 1, Birch Ave., Upton, Wirral; Sparkes, L., 255, Houghton Rd., Darlington; Stanley, F., 10, High Lane, Hinchin; Sweeney, C., 18, Northern Parade, Portsmouth; Taylor, A., 20, Victoria Sq., Penarth, Glam.; Tyler, H. W. F., 200, Gladstone St., Peterborough; Walker, J. E., 48, Parnumley St., Scotwood, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 5; Watson, M., 10, Outwood Rd., Burnley; Westerman, J. E., 29, Manor Rd., Folkestone; Wheelock, H. F., 1, Preston House, Watson Rd., Harrow; Young, Jnr., R., 3, Brewery Bank, Tweedmouth.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £18 7s. 5d. will be sent. One of the above winners—Mr. J. E. Walker, Newcastle—had no errors on his solution, and all have been notified.

A crossword puzzle containing 100 clues is sent to every runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope. Surprise Awards were won by 2,955 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



THE GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE
Battery-driven self-contained Set
WITH A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING
IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS,
AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL
LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.
Fitted Walnut Cabinet 17x10x9 1/2 in. Illuminated
Tuning Dial, British Valve, H.T. Battery,
Accumulator and Aerial Equipment. Nothing
else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.10.0 or 8/- monthly.
Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of latest designs for Motor
or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Hot Sets, etc.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

2 Stops PAIN

Beechams Brand Powders are a boon and blessing to all who suffer pain—Rheumatism, Headaches, Neuralgia, Nerve Pains. They bring relief for 2d.—quickly, surely, certainly. Get some to-day and keep them always handy for colds and chills also. Not laxative. Sold everywhere.

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Single Powders 2d. each.
A Beecham Product.

RIDE A

B.S.A.



THE BETTER BICYCLE VALUE

from 10/-
down and
2/2
weekly

Send the coupon NOW for "AWHEEL," the B.S.A. Cycling Annual,
to B.S.A. CYCLES, LTD., 63, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11.

Name
Address

FRIDAY THRILL for young MINER'S WIFE

Success of 'Bullets' Partnership

HALF-WAY through her music lesson one recent Friday, a young miner's wife was surprised by the arrival of her sister, excitedly waving a telegram. That lesson finished on a happy note indeed, for the learner learnt that she had won the splendid First Prize of £800 in our 979th *Bullets* Contest.

"I shall never forget that Friday," Mrs. M. A. Jay told me, writes a JOHN BULL representative, when I called with congratulations at 35, Cromwell Crescent, Baghill, Pontefract. "I could scarcely hold the wire for excitement."

Keenness to help her husband, a violin player, had made Mrs. Jay renew her piano lessons. And Mr. Jay, who also welcomed me, told me how she had also helped in his efforts to compose a golden *Bullets* melody.

"I make the *Bullets*," Mr. Jay said. "Then my wife picks out the best or suggests how they might be improved, and sends them away."

"It's become a routine with us," Mrs. Jay added. "Off go the *Bullets* every week, no matter what happens."

This Competition partnership began when they were married four years ago, although Mr. Jay himself had entered before then, but with little success.

"Then our system produced its first big prize," he recalled. "We secured the second Prize of £100, in Competition No. 831, with the *Bullet*, BOY WITH BRAINS—GOES FAR—KEEP HERE! That was entered from our home at 5, Galway Avenue, Bircotes, near Doncaster."

Photo:

Maud, Pontefract

We went on to discuss the partner's First Prize *Bullet*, BE CAREFUL, MR. MAGISTRATE—DON'T MAKE "FUTURE TONGH," which was entered from the home of Mrs. Jay's mother, with whom they spend Easter.

"I got the idea from an article in JOHN BULL dealing with the severity of some magistrates," continued Mr. Jay. "I read the paper thoroughly and find a lot of my *Bullets* material there."

Mrs. Jay reminded him of the help he also got from solving JOHN BULL's Crosswords. "We enter for those, too," her husband added. "Studying the clues gives me a lot of double meaning phrases that are useful in *Bullets*."

But chiefly it is to the guidance they have received by post each Thursday that they owe their success. "From *Bulletin*," Mrs. Jay declared, "we gained invaluable advice and encouragement."

For Mr. and Mrs. Jay, I learnt, their success could not have come at a better time. Most of this year, Mr. Jay, who works at the Harworth Main Colliery, has been on short time, so that, although they had been hoping to start a business of their own, it has been difficult for them to augment the *Bullets* £100 cheque which they had banked. "Now we can start looking for a business when we like," said Mrs. Jay with satisfaction.

TAKE THEIR TIP

"Take a batch of *Bullets* *Bulletins* if you want to improve your style and get out of the rut."

That is the advice of Mrs. Jay, whose £600 success might never have been scored but for her free weekly budget of practical *Bullets* assistance which arrives by post each Thursday.

To secure your supply, post off Easy Registration Coupon on opposite page.

Is it £500 to start a business which you need—or to buy a house—or to give you help over present difficulties and make the future rosy? Whichever may be your problem, this week's *Bullets* First Prize can solve it.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 980

FIRST PRIZE, £600, 34 Ga. RADIOGRAM AND £5 SURPRISE.
K. TONGUE, 40, Julia Avenue, Erdington, Birmingham.

Example: IN THE GARDEN
Bullet: I'M "KING," TILL "GEORGE—!"

SECOND PRIZE, £50, RADIOGRAM AND £5 SURPRISE:
H. HALL, 7, Lees Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.

Example: My Daisy
Bullet: Homely—My Home, "Daisy."

THIRD PRIZE, £40, RADIOGRAM AND £5 SURPRISE:
J. S. WADDELL, 10, Cross Street, Leiston, Suffolk.

Example: In Mars' Workshop
Bullet: Overtime's Shadow Overshadows Times.

FOURTH PRIZE, £30, RADIOGRAM AND £5 SURPRISE:
E. A. SIMS, 13, Lyndale Road, Whitehall, Bristol.

Example: Crawling
Bullet: Towards "Fire," Peace Baby.

FIFTH PRIZE, £20, RADIOGRAM AND £5 SURPRISE:
F. E. SMITH, 38, Mallins Road, Portsmouth.

Example: Bills, Bills, Bills
Bullet: Reason Departure Wasn't "Advertised."

(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)
10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. BLUNDELL, 23, Sinclair Avenue, Prescott, Lancs.

In The Garden—Dad Glories—"Father's" Glorified.

Mrs. E. BURTON, 5, Central Avenue, Middlesbrough.

Hitler's Mistake—All That's "Threatening" Germany.

H. DONAGHEY, 27, Stranmillis Gardens, Belfast.

At The Street Corner—"Striped Pole" Averting "Shaves."

A. M. GALBRAITH, Regent Street, Dalmuir, Glasgow.

In The Garden—Horse, "Serpent" Tempting Sonny.

H. JONES, The Vicarage, Bullth Wells, South Wales.

"Same Again!"—And What's Yours? Ad-vertently.

Miss E. M. KIRKMAN, 14, Rutland Road, Ansdell, Lytham, Lancs.

In The Pillory—Baby—Dad's Fixed Romp!

Mrs. F. C. OXLEY, 63, Beaumont Road, Portsmouth.

In The Garden—Remainder Of Builders' Rubbish!

D. PILNICK, 40, Pleasant Street, Liverpool.

Broken—"Teeth," Had Geneva "Punch"

R. ROE, 103, Midhurst Road, West Ealing.

Blot "On The Landscape—Of Peace, Treaty "Litter."

R. WINTER, 327, Cathcart Road, Glasgow.

Behind Geneva—"Hang On"—Help Progress!

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

N. ASQUITH, c/o TAYLOR, 35, Booth Street, Bradford.

Auntie's Umbrella—Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

J. DURRANT, 129, Parish Lane, Penge, S.E.

Like A Policeman—And "Court Missionary" Britain.

N. J. FISHLICK, 112, Godstone Road, Purley, Cautious Batsman—Sonny—"Forced" By Greenhouse.

R. V. GEGG, 35, Ashcroft Road, Cirencester.

Put Father Out—Humework—"If For Pints—"

G. H. HOPE, 12, Milton Road, Eastbourne.

A Loophole—Lost—Auntie Registered Tea.

F. J. McNAUGHTON, H.Q. 1st Border Regt., Palace Barracks, Holywood, Co. Down.

In Mars' Workshop—Then "Exhibition" On Battlefield.

E. RAWES, 25, Mostyn Road, Birmingham.

Habit Of Hers—"Picking Holes"—P.s. Spouting Darning.

J. REID, 11, Sherbrook Terrace, Daybrook, Notts.

Under Control—At Last, Sonny's Married.

G. SMITH, 187, Caversham Road, Reading.

Auntie's Umbrella—Made Communist Republic! Sceptic!

J. W. THOMPSON, Tyers, 62, Loughlin Road, Dinlington, Nr. Sheffield.

In Mars' Workshop—"Regular Employment" A list of 25 £1 and 50 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

100 POCKETS
and
100 LARDERS
TO BE FILLED
by this Huge
ONE-WEEK
Bullets Offer

FINE 2-IN-1 BULLETS FIRST IN TIME FOR WHITSUN

£600

AND 50 IN-1 BONUS

10,599 OTHER PRIZES

GIANT DOUBLED BATCH
of **100 GROCERY CASES**
one with each prize of £1 and over, and containing-

ASPARAGUS · ANCHOVY
SAUCE · APRICOTS · APRICOT
JAM · BLANCHANGE
POWDER · BOVril · CUSTARD
POWDER · CHEESE BISCUITS ·
CRAB · CHERRIES · CELERY
SOUP · CHICKEN BROTH ·
CURRANTS · CONDENSED
MILK · COFFEE · COCOA ·
DRIED APRICOTS · FRUIT

50 ITEMS

SALAD · FISH PASTE ·
GRAPEFRUIT · GREEN PEA
SOUP · GOLDEN SYRUP ·
KIDNEY SOUP · LOGAN-
BERRIES · LIME-JUICE · MEAT
PASTE · MARMALADE · OXO
CUBES · ORANGE SQUASH ·
OVALTINE · PINEAPPLE ·

PEARS · PEACHES · PRUNES ·
PACKETS OF JELLY ·
PICKLES · RAISINS ·
SARDINES · SALMON · STRAW-
BERRIES · SCOTCH BROTH ·
SALAD CREAM · SULTANAS ·
SALAD OIL · STRAWBERRY
JAM · SHREDDED WHEAT ·
TEA · TOMATO SAUCE ·
VEGETABLE SOUP ·
WORCESTER SAUCE

£2 CASH ALLOWED TO ANY WINNER
UNABLE TO MAKE USE OF GROCERIES

£50 £25 £20 £10 £9
£8 £7 £6 £5 10 of £2 10 80 of £1

500 of 2/6
2,000
Red Seals
8,000
Targets



LET "BULLETS" LINE YOUR POCKET AND LARDER!

PRIZES to fill your pocket and cram your larder as well—what could make a better Bullets one-week offer than 50 of these fine 2-in-1 awards, headed by £600 cash?

Let us tell you. For this week's huge attraction, JOHN BULL has doubled his previous offer of Cash-plus-Grocery prizes, so to-day you have no fewer than one hundred such opportunities!

You have past winners of these novel big awards to thank for this array of nearly four tons of groceries and hundreds of pounds in cash. Their tributes to these prizes demanded an encore—and here it is, but bigger and better in accordance with JOHN BULL's policy of progress.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

WHEN starting to make Bullets, it is better to pick out a few Examples to concentrate on rather than search through the list again and again.

First, jot down all the rough ideas each chosen Example suggests to your mind. Then, taking each comment in turn, try to compress it into TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up neatly with the Example.

For instance, against the Example STRIPPED OF PRETENCE, you might jot down the words, Then Grundy Would Look Foolish. Keeping to the metaphor of the Example and developing the phrasing along Bullets lines, you could easily compress this first jotting to the finished effort, STRIPPED OF PRETENCE—GRUNDY WOULD "FEEL DRAUGHT."

Before tackling some Bullets of your own, study carefully the winning efforts which will be found on the previous page.

Simple though their words are, these prize Bullets were not made without careful thought—but any of them might well have come from your pen. Make a start on your own efforts without delay and see that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, May 25.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

ON LIFE'S STAIRCASE
LOYAL SUPPORTER
AS A BOY
HOURS OF WORK
TO SAVE HER LIFE
MOURNFULLY
HIS WAGES
OLD-FASHIONED SHOPKEEPER
TALKING NONSENSE
LONELY CHILD
HER ULTIMATUM
PAINFUL
UPSET OUR SUBURBS
CROWDED BENCHES
DAD'S A TAXIMAN, SO
NOT ONLY
ROUGH SEA
LIKE A THUNDERBOLT
AUNTIE'S PRECIOUS
CAMPING OUT
STRIPPED OF PRETENCE
SAID THE WAITER
IF WE THINK
SLOW FOR THE BRIDE
MIGHTY LITTLE
MADE GRANDPA SMILE
CHANGING GEAR
"THAT'S THE SPIRIT!"
WOMAN TO THE RESCUE
WEEDS
IN HIS POCKET
ANOTHER DROP
BACON AND EGGS
AGREES WITH HER
PLAIN FACTS
WORRIED THE FARMER

SAVE MONEY BY ENCLOSING THIS COUPON

with your "BULLETS" or CROSSWORDS ENTRY. I affix 3d. in stamps to cover postage on 6 weeks' supply of Bullets Bulletin and JOHN BULL'S Crossword Gazette.

NAME

ADDRESS

If not entering for either Competition, Post coupon direct to:

BULLETIN DEPT.
ODDAMS PRESS LTD.
30, Bedford St., W.C.2.

AFFIX 3d. STAMP HERE

AFFIX 3d. STAMP HERE

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and enter the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Oddams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 979 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Sayer, Main Street, Harworth, near Doncaster.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 984 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A. Co."

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(984)

P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed

Address

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(984)

P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(984)

P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(984)

P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed

Address

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(984)

P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed

Address

Should you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 984, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W. 2.2. (Comp.)

MINISTER'S WIFE GIVES THANKS TO 'Yeast-Vite'

Enables Husband To Perform His Sunday Duties After Rising With A SICK HEADACHE & FEELING ILL

To-day we are privileged to place before the public the grateful thanks of a Minister's Wife. There could be no more convincing testimony to the Wonder-Working Powers of Yeast-Vite Tablets than her letter below.

It contains a message to YOU—indeed for *all* who are suffering. It points the way to Quick Relief—to the attainment of Lasting Health. It shows how quickly and how surely Yeast-Vite brings these wonderful benefits.

To those beset by the ills of our time, Yeast-Vite comes as a shaft of sunlight to charm away Pain, banish Weakness, and relieve Distress and Suffering. YOU should try Yeast-Vite TO-DAY!

Yeast-Vite is LIFE. Yeast-Vite is the Wonder Tonic of the Age.

- To the Weak and Weary it brings new strength and energy.
- To the Stomach sufferer it brings new appetite, new enjoyment of food.
- To the Nerve Racked and despondent it brings new life and confidence.
- To the Sleepless and Exhausted it opens up a new vista of happiness.

"Yeast-Vite" is so successful because each and every Tablet is an accurate scientific combination of pure Medicinal Yeast (*Saccharomyces Cerevisiae*), Vitamins (especially the all-important Vitamin "B"), and other valuable Tonic ingredients as prescribed by Leading Specialists.

From the very first dose you feel Renewed—Refreshed—Reinvigorated. PAIN disappears! WEAKNESS is changed to STRENGTH! Life becomes Happy—Joyous—WORTH LIVING.

NO CURE NO PAY!

OUR OFFER

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded in full without question.

READ THIS LETTER

London, N.E.

Dear Sirs,—I feel I must express my gratitude for benefit to health received from taking Yeast-Vite Tablets. They have proved to be all that is claimed for them, and I can thoroughly recommend them to anybody in need of a safe and sure pick me-up.

Perhaps you may be interested in my experience with them as a Minister's wife.

On more than one occasion my husband has risen from bed on a Sunday morning, ill with a sick headache, and feeling that it was impossible for him to carry out his duties for the day. I have given him two Yeast-Vite Tablets, and in an hour he has been quite fit and able to do his work.

I have also given a lot away to friends and even to tradesmen's roundsmen who have been suffering from bad headaches, and all of them have been loud in their praises and have purchased a supply for themselves.

Having started this good work, I feel bound to carry on, and I shall be giving away almost as many as we use for ourselves.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) Mrs. E. L.

Yeast-Vite

TONIC TABLETS

Sold Everywhere

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE		
FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	Glorious Relief	IN 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES	Deliverance	IN 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE	Vim and Vigour	IN 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION	Buoyant Energy	IN 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES"	Steadiness	IN 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION	Keen Appetite	IN 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION	Animation	IN 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS	Calm Repose	IN 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM	Pain Relief	IN 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	Regularity	IN 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	Purification	IN 36 HOURS

If YOU are
IN PAIN
RUN-DOWN
NERVY
DEPRESSED
OUT-OF-SORTS
WEAK
OR AILING
TEST
YEAST-
VITE
TO-DAY!